MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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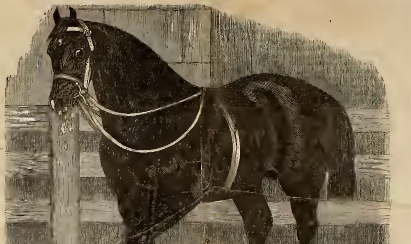
AGRICULTURAL.

HE SWORD AND THE PLOWSHARE.

[illegible] looking over the past history of the world, the [illegible] man cannot but feel surprised at the little [illegible] made in agricultural knowledge. Here [illegible] there a ray of light may be observed — some [illegible] star shining for a season and giving promise [illegible] good, but in a little while it is lost, and all [illegible] darkness. That some of the [illegible] considerable knowledge of agriculture we must admit, yet this knowledge is lost to the world, and even its extent and value is a matter of conjecture. War has been the deadliest foe of agriculture — it has been the profession of kings and princes — at once the occupation and the scourge of the people. War has presented the chief road to honor, and fame, and wealth, and consequently the young and the ambitious have sought glory on the tented field, to the entire neglect of the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, which was left to those too old, or too young, or too indolent to engage in the more active and honorable profession of war. This state of things rendered the business of tilling the soil unsafe as well as disgraceful, for the invading army often devastated the land, and the farmer beheld the fruits of months of toil swept away in a day. The sword, in Sacred Writ, is represented as the great adversary of the plow, and in the good time coming, when the earth shall be filled with peace and happiness, the spears are to be turned into pruning hooks and the swords into plowshares.

Advancement has been made in the science and practice of agriculture during the past hundred years, but in no thousand years, since thorns and briars first began to grow, has there been so much real and substantial progress in agricultural knowledge and practice as during the past fifty years of peace and good will among the nations of the earth. Men of science, and wealth, and the highest mental powers, have devoted their knowledge, intellect, and wealth, to the development of the resources of the earth, and those whom the world has delighted most to honor have been the most intelligent and zealous cultivators of the soil. It has not been considered beneath the dignity of princes and kings to encourage and actually engage in the noble and ennobling pursuit of agriculture. No saying of the great and good WASHINGTON, who, though engaged in necessary war, loved peace, is more often quoted or more universally believed, than that which declares that agriculture is the most honorable pursuit in which man can engage.

Within the last few years, the notes of war have been sounded in Europe, the Crimea has been deluged in blood, and the soil of ancient Italy has furnished graves for thousands of both friends and foes. This has had an injurious effect upon the agriculture of Europe, while it has been a source of profit to us, making an increased demand for our agricultural products at unusually high rates. For more than fifty years our country has been favored with peace. No ruthless enemy has invaded our coasts or desolated our land. He that sowed, sowed in confidence and reaped in safety. Our progress in the peaceful arts has been highly gratifying, and knowledge has increased and wealth abounded. With our agricultural implements we have astonished the world, and they are purchased or imitated by all civilized nations. Our surplus corn, and wheat, and meat find ready purchasers in the principal markets of the world, our flag is respected, and our nation honored. But we seem to be tired of peace, and surfeited with prosperity; and without a valid cause, without such reason as should satisfy a true patriot's heart, or an honest man's conscience, some of the States of this Union seem determined to bring upon us all the untold evils of civil war. They are even now turning their pruning hooks into spears and their plowshares into swords, and leaving the peaceful fields of agriculture for the vice, and the carnage of the camp. Such base ingratitude — such madness — has not been equaled since man's first crime.



THE CELEBRATED HORSE "CRUISER."

WE present RURAL readers a very spirited portrait of the horse *Cruiser*, an animal possessing a fame which is world-wide. He was bred by Lord Dorchester, for racing purposes, and when in his three year form was first favorite for the Derby, the great racing event of the year in England. Previous to the day set apart for the trial, bad temper displayed itself, and, if we are rightly informed, when brought to the score, he ran away with and severely injured his jockey, thus clouding the hopes and aspirations of his owner and supporters. He was returned to the stable, but his violence increased to such extent that it was necessary to confine him in a box stall, and the mere mention of his name was sufficient to send a thrill of fear through the veins of all the jockies in the kingdom. Several times his owner had almost concluded to shoot him, and would have done so were it not for the fact that he was the last representative of a strain of blood which was famous in the sporting annals of the "fast anchored isle."

Cruiser was thus a prisoner, when JOHN S. RAREY appeared before the English public as an expert in subduing horses with vicious dispositions, and making them useful and obedient. The animals experimented upon by Mr. RAREY in his earlier exhibitions were noted for evil habits, but *Cruiser* was unapproachable, and it was determined that the Yankee and this equine fury should meet and struggle for the mastery. Press and people were willing to award the meed of praise for whatever of merit there was in Mr. RAREY's system; "what had been accomplished was all very well,—but just try *Cruiser!*" Determined not to be frustrated in his plans, Mr. R. wrote to Lord Dorchester, requesting that *Cruiser* be forwarded to him in London. His Lordship replied "that the horse could not be sent,—Mr. RAREY must go for him. He had not been out of his box for three years, and to approach him was impossible without endangering life."

We have not space to give the result in detail. Suffice it to say, Mr. RAREY introduced himself, the conflict was terrible, but mind gained a complete mastery over brute force. In course of time Mr. RAREY became proprietor of the animal,—the once dreaded *Cruiser* is now the *pet* of his conqueror, and is on exhibition at Niblo's Garden, New York city. *Cruiser* is dark brown, of medium size, and with heavier limbs than is usual in horses of such pure blood, and is as gentle and tractable as any stallion that can lay claims to high breeding.

In connection with the foregoing, a brief sketch of Mr. RAREY may not be uninteresting. He was born in Franklin county, Ohio, and is now in the thirty-third year of his age. His father was living in what was at that time almost a wilderness, neighbors being few and far between. JOHN, being the youngest child, had no playmates, and being of a sociable nature, he soon found companions among the farm horses and colts, and it was a source of pleasure to his father, while at work in the fields, to take him out with him, and as soon as he was verging on three years, he was set astride of the plow horse, and in this (to him) exalted position, had his natural fondness for the animal encouraged. At four he had his own pony, and soon became famous for riding out and visiting the neighbors, the nearest of whom were several miles away from the homestead. When he was twelve his father gave him a colt which he broke to suit his own notions. This colt became one of the finest "trick horses." Stimulated by his success, he bought other colts, and took horses to educate. Such was his reputation, even while yet a youth, that he had pupils sent him from the distance of two or three hundred miles.

It was now conceived by him, says the '*Old Spirit of the Times*,' that his success and experience could be reduced into a system; he had dim ideas that what he accomplished was merely the result of intelligent treatment of an animal naturally superior, and that the Creator, having intended the horse for the companionship of immortal beings, must have given the exalted animal intellectual endowments in harmony with his destined purpose. With this developing idea he now for the first time practically noticed that colts, however wild, allowed calves, sheep, and other domestic animals, to associate with them; he, therefore, concluded that the colt was not by nature indifferent to society, but, on the contrary, was friendly with those who would offer no harm. With this notion he went to work and "scraped" up an intimacy with those wild colts, and soon was gratified to find his advances were not repulsed, but, on the contrary, rewarded with positive demonstrations of affection. The practical result immediately following this was, that he could catch and halter colts with perfect ease while others could not come within their reach by many rods. Now was established for the first time clearly to his mind *the law of kindness*, which is the entire foundation of his system.

CAUSES OF DECAY.

FOR some time we have heard complaints of the unusual decay of fruits, roots, &c. No care in gathering or storing seems to insure success. Without being able to give any particular light on this subject, we call attention to some interesting facts by Prof. BERKELEY, who has given more attention to this question perhaps than any other living man.

Many productions, both of the farm and garden,—such as roots, tubers, and fruit, which contain a large proportion of water,—are subject to more or less rapid decay. Chemical changes are constantly taking place in the constituent parts; and in fruit especially, sugar is formed at the expense of the ligنine and water. As soon, then, as the formation of sugar has arrived at its maximum, or, in other words, when the fruit is ripe, there is a tendency to further change, and decay commences. Carbonic acid is formed, the nitrogenized substance enters into a state of putrefaction, and the sugar undergoes fermentation. The more free the admission of atmospheric air, or its oxygen, the more rapid is the decay. This takes place either in detached spots, which soon become confluent, or the whole mass seems at once affected. In general, even when the cuticle is not ruptured, threads of mycelium, principally belonging to the most common species of *Penicillium*, *Aspergillus*, *Mucor*, and *Oidium*, will be found in the interstices of the cells, the union of which is frequently completely destroyed, as in tissue affected by frost; but this is scarcely matter of surprise, as the subtle reproductive bodies of mold are capable of penetrating into the most hidden tissues, as is proved by myriads of facts. Mr. Hassall, indeed, has succeeded in producing rapid decay in the soundest fruit by inoculation; the decay, however, may perhaps be as much attributable to the inoculating of putrescent matter, in accordance with the experiments instituted, many years since, by DECHREZ, and the more recent observations of LIEBIG, as to the presence of the mold; though we are far from denying the powerful effects of the growth of fungi in promoting decomposition, living, as they do, at the expense of the substances on which they grow, which they could not do without producing chemical change.

In the case of tubers and vegetables, whether abounding in fecula or sugar, which are destined, in general, to another year's growth, decomposition seldom takes place from mere exposure to the air, except accompanied by such a degree of cold as destroys, to a greater or less extent, their tissues. Still, decay does take place very frequently when they are stored up for use, originating, generally, from numerous points to their substance, and rapidly extending, and passing at length into complete putrefaction. This has, of late years, attracted general notice, from its prevalence amongst potatoes, and, indeed, other vegetable productions, especially turnips and parsnips. That this is due, in some measure, to weakness of the cellular tissue, is pretty well ascertained; but to what this weakness is owing, is still matter of doubt. It is not simply decomposition, in the regular course of nature, as in fruits; which decay only, in ordinary cases, when their proper functions have been performed. Potatoes are also subject to a dry decay, which is especially distinguished by the circumstance, that tubers so affected will not germinate; whereas, in the potato murrain, the pushing of the eyes is rather accelerated, probably from the partial conversion of fecula into sugar, and an excellent crop may be obtained from highly diseased tubers.

Decay frequently takes place, both in fruits and vegetables, from external injury. In delicate kinds, such as peaches, the damage is in a short time discernible; and, in all, it is soon more or less visible. The cells being ruptured, the vital powers are destroyed, and, in consequence, decomposition takes place; which, according to circumstances, increases with more or less rapidity; besides which, a fit matrix is at once established for the development of fungi.

The great thing in the preservation of fruits, especial care having been taken to bruise them as little as possible in the gathering, is to exclude the access of oxygen. As regards the main produce of the farm, the most approved method of preservation is to exclude the air, taking care to provide as good a drainage as possible, and to be beyond the possible action of frost. The late disease, however, in potatoes, baffled all precautions; and the decay has frequently been as great where every care was taken to exclude moisture, as where no such pains were taken. As a general rule, however, dryness and exclusion from the air are the grand points, together with such a degree of temperature as may not promote vegetation. Under such treatment, healthy produce will seldom decay, and any original tendency to decomposition will most probably be arrested."

The first thing necessary to the preservation of fruit or roots, is that they be well grown and well matured. When either is immature and watery, it is not in a condition for preservation, and decay soon commences. A potato that requires a long season for its growth, the top of which is usually killed by frost, cannot be depended upon for winter keeping. The Hubbard Squash, if well ripened, will keep sound until May; but specimens not fully ripened it is difficult to preserve until Christmas. Care in handling is another important matter. The least bruise causes the living fruit to become a decaying mass of corruption.

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MACHINERY AND THE WOMEN.

H. T. B. TO O. M.

A SINGLE lady, in Cayuga Co., who adds *age* to her other graces, is satisfied with her condition,—please don't understand me to say that she wouldn't get *married* if she ——. I meant to remark that the lady aforesaid was satisfied that the women had been fairly dealt with in the matter of patent rights,—she believes the men folks, when they study how to save labor, study for the women as much as for themselves! "The lords (she informs us,) have not only tried their hands at improved implements for domestic labor-saving, but have been eminently successful therein."

"That 'old oaken bucket' no longer hangs in the well, to be lifted, by almost superhuman efforts, over the high curb, made so to keep the cattle out."

When Dr. LYMAN BEECHER and some of his family were capsized in their carriage, Mrs. STOWE jumped up, and devoutly exclaimed, "let us thank GOD that none of us are hurt." "Thank GOD for yourself," said the Doctor, "I'll examine my bones first." So, I imagine, a multitude of fair sisters will exclaim touching the "old oaken bucket" which still hangs in *their* wells. Even where *pumps* have been vouchsafed, a big stream does not always respond to a gentle touch,—frozen up in the winter, dry in the summer, rickety, rackety, the old thing has been wished at the bottom of the ocean many a time. Go to the barn-yard, and see if the *man* has not found out that a "hydraulic ram" will make water run *up* hill, and any good pipe will make it run *down* hill—*for the benefit of cattle.*

"The old iron dinner-pot, of near a hundred pounds, has been melted up, and makes a whole set of cooking utensils, nicely adapted to an *elegant stove.*" *That's a fact;* but then you know how the miserable thing looks, with all its appurtenances, at the end of *six months*,—doors unhinged, plates cracked, griddles in three pieces, tea-kettle nose off, *boiler burst*, and a general explosion *among the women!* The pipe had to be cleaned,—it never would burn *wet* or *green* wood,—though "warranted to bake perfectly," it always left the bottom of the loaf dough, and the top cinders,—a half year having expired, it's about time to send it back to be melted over into a *new one*, with, if possible, thinner plates and greater pretensions. If the "spirit of the age" would only consent, what terrible altercations from ecstasy to anguish might be avoided, by resolving the thing into the original *dinner pot!* To do the dear women justice, they really think the concentrated humbug "draws well," "bakes well," and is "large enough for our family," till the day after the warranty has expired, and the elegant polish has turned to rust and dinginess. The whole subject is so horribly suggestive that I can never pardon "old ma——," your fair correspondent for broaching it.

"Then the coffee roaster, which SUSAN OR JAMES (I would like to see a frizzle-headed boy make himself useful *in-doors, just once,*) can turn so easily while the coffee is browning,"—well, may be they *do have* one of those things in Cayuga County.

"And the mince mill, cutting the meat for pies as well as for sausages." I can explain that to your entire satisfaction. You see that cutting "sausage meat" fell to the men, and they generally went at it after wriggling round in their easy chairs six times and making all manner of excuses. When, therefore, "in the course of human events," they saw a chance to make it easier, they produced a *machine*, —that it is ever applied, except very occasionally, to "cutting the meat for pies," you will permit me to doubt; everybody knows there is but one in the neighborhood, and that was broken when last heard from.

"Even the castors on the large table saves many a hard lift."

I submit, my dear madam, that you are over generous in that statement. You very well know there are next to no castors on the every day kitchen tables, and as for that new dining table, that never comes out except when the minister or Mrs. A. makes a visit, or it is our turn to give a Thanksgiving Dinner,— why, *then*, even the men folks share so largely in the general enthusiasm that they would, if politely asked, *help out with a table* — from which I conclude that the few "castors" we have are superfluous.

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"O, there's the churn, which the dog, or old 'Dick' makes the butter in."

The dog and old Dick may eat all the butter they churn in the Christain households of this happy land — if they will let a few of the big dairies alone.

"The rain-water is now drawn down from the loft by turning a finger faucet, instead of being lifted up stairs, with all the slops to be mopped up."

Look on *that* picture, and then on *this*. Madam sees signs of a shower, goes for the pounding-barrel to put it under the eaves, — recollects that Mr. took it to steep his seed corn in, — looks up Mr. — gets the old barrel, — what *has* become of the *board*, — finds another, — washes the dirt from it — gets terribly washed herself by the driving storm, — gets into the house to see the sun shine out on an empty barrel — auspicious of yellow linen!

"But a little while ago, hand cards, and wheels, and looms, were almost exclusively depended on to clothe the family."

There is some let up here, it is true, but the miserable scamps who got *too proud* to wear the best "home made," and so took to "broadcloth," have made our dear lady believe that they did it to save *mother and sister from the use of the "cards and the loom,"* — the hypocrites. They require more labor in washing, and starching, and plaiting, and ironing one shirt bosom, than was bestowed on their grandfather's tow shirt in a whole winter, — ruffles, and plaits, and small buttons, white pants, and vests, and embroidered handkerchiefs to be washed once or twice a day, and as much oftener as the "lords," from accidental causes, may require. A room for his young lordship, all to himself, to be swept and cleaned from tobacco stains, with *extra* meals when he "goes out," may also be reckoned among the improvements. Pudding and milk for supper, with a bowl or two for the older, and basins for the younger, were soon disposed of, — but now, the poor cook has to go through all the intricate windings of Parisian art, and when she's got the gourmands full, she has a pile of dishes to dispose of that would make the fortune of a Connecticut pedlar, if he had 'em to sell.

I have been trying to keep under my suspicions, but I can't, — hang me if I don't believe your fair correspondent *is after a husband*, and has been showing off her amiability, and her good opinion of the men, just to *catch somebody* — she need'nt have refused *me*, I didn't offer, and want a going to. I have a wife who seems satisfied — I suppose because she didn't *expect* much. P., a highly esteemed bachelor friend, a door or two from me, *is not engaged*, but my fears will for the present prevent me from suggesting to him a *journey to Cayuga Co.* — H. T. B.

P. S. Come to think, a little *policy* is perhaps excusable in such matters, and I will recommend my friend to look in that quarter, if the lady, upon [illegible] proves amiable, is a good rook, and will agree to stop her crinoline at the present expense. — H. T. B.

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HATCHING CHICKENS ARTIFICIALLY.

WISHING to try the experiment of hatching chickens on the Eyptian plan, I fitted up a room sixteen feet square, and nine feet from floor to ceiling, with shelves in the center of the room to put the eggs on. Strips were nailed on the edge of the shelves to keep the eggs from rolling off. The room was heated by a hot-air furnace in the cellar. I commenced purchasing eggs quite early in the spring, and as I purchased them I coated the shell with fresh lard, and packed in bran to keep them fresh till I got enough to put in the heated room. When I got two thousand six hundred and eighty-five, I put them on the shelves in the room and opened the register. About three hundred of the eggs were not greased. The temperature of the room varied from 100° to 106° Fah., occasionally *running as high* as 108° in the upper part of the room near the ceiling. A pan of water was kept well filled on the stove in the furnace, and wet cloths over the register, and hung around the room in which were the eggs. A thermometer and hygrometer was kept in the room to tell the temperature and amount of moisture. I endeavored to keep the air as nearly as possible saturated with moisture. I examined the eggs every day, and turned them every morning. I kept wondering every day why the greased eggs did not show signs of incubation when those that were not greased did. At the end of ten days the form of the chicken would be distinctly seen in the ungreased eggs, while those that were greased did not show scarcely a red streak. I came to the conclusion that hatching greased eggs was a failure, and removed them from the oven. As soon as I could purchase more eggs, I put into the heated room or oven five thousand four hundred and thirty-two eggs. This time none of them were greased. I kept the temperature and moisture of the room the same as before. On the twentieth day the chickens began to hatch, and continued hatching during two days. The whole number that came out was one thousand and eighty-four. I kept the chickens on the floor of the hatching room and an adjoining room, that was also heated by hot-air for one week, when I removed them to a building constructed for the purpose, that was built of pine boards and battened, one hundred and twenty feet in length and twenty-two in width. This building was warmed by two furnaces, one in each end. There was a system of hot water pipes that ran through the building. The water was heated by the furnaces. From this hatching, six hundred chickens were reared. I ran the institution till I lost about two hundred dollars, when I discontinued it. Thinking I was making this article too long for publication, I have left out the particulars of hatching, feeding, rearing, &c. E. P. HOWLAND.

Battle Creek, Mich., 1861.

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A CHEAP WELL OF PURE WATER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — It may interest some of the numerous readers of your paper to know the result of my experiment to obtain a cheap well of pure water. I have such an aversion to drinking from wells to which cats, rats, bugs and snakes find access by tumbling from the top, and in which surface water, drippings of the platform, and filthy gases, unite with the pure streams bubbling up from the bottom, that I determined to leave no passage for external visitors except through the valves of the pump. My well is like ordinary wells, only it is arched over with stone at the hight of five feet from the bottom. The pump, which is iron, passes down through the top of this arch, and the well is filled to the surface with the earth which was thrown out in digging. My well is twenty-two feet deep, and cost, with the pump, thirty dollars. Stoned to the surface, it would have cost fifty dollars; but the great advantage consists in having pure water at all seasons of the year. The valves are four feet from the surface, and a lead pipe conducts the water from the leak back into the well. I think, however, it would be better to conduct the water from the leak into a blind well, such as every one should have for the slops of the house, unless they are used for fertilisers. I intend to make a room four feet square, and four feet deep, under the platform, so as to repair the valves if necessary. The pipe leading into the well is one and a fourth inch gas-pipe, and any suction-pump can be attached at the top. It is as much exposed as a pump can be, but never freezes. I am sure that those who try this method will say with me that they will never stone another well. G. WATNEY.

Sterling, Ill., Jan. 21, 1861

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CARE OF WOODLANDS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — The motion of H. T. B. I second. And now that it is moved and seconded, I trust the public will so manifest their approval, that not only the further destruction of our wood lots will be arrested, but groves will be planted where needs be, until our common country shall have that protection from the piercing storm, which the severity of our climate demands. How pleasant, then, would be a drive in winter, when the groves protect the snow where it falls, instead of finding a huge drift here, bare stones yonder, and everywhere a piercing wind, that defies even the buffalo over-coats for protection. Or in summer, how sweet a drive by the side of a grove cheered by nature's sweet songsters; or a walk beneath a grove at the babbling brook, where the herd seek shelter from the midsummer sun. Who knows what sentiments such scenes might awaken. How many who now leave their home after the labor of the day, to seek enjoyment at the village tavern, form habits which a CARSWELL, or even a GOUGH may in vain pour out their eloquence to arrest.

Nor is this moral saving influence its only recommendation. Who that has noticed a domestic animal during a north-east storm, the picture of despair, in vain seeking shelter behind a rail fence, or exposed to a midsummer sun, with tongue hanging, and panting for breath, that did not contemplate a waste of flesh, to say nothing of the appeal to humanity. And remember, oh, ye tillers of the soil, Providence has decreed that he who looks not to the comfort of his domestic animal, looks in vain for the rich reward the animal is ready to bestow for kindness.

Nor should we look at the matter only from a pecuniary point of view. Look at that contracted chest, at that hopeless, hectic cough so increasingly prevalent in our land, and inquire what part the chilling, piercing, unobstructed winds of autumn, winter, and spring, have acted in the drama. Look at the once noble race of aborigines, and ask is fire-water alone the cause of such fatal wasting by lung complaints. Would I could so trumpet forth the importance of the subject, that a united effort would be the result, until every home would become a magnet to attract its inmates from the brothel, to listen to the sweet [illegible] ever ready to warble their gratitude.

Patient reader, do I hear you complain that your wood lot is becoming ragged and unthrifty? I would advise you to put it under fence. No matter how tough the sod, the falling leaves will rest among the tall grass, and the snow of winter will press it gently down as a mulching, and you will be surprised how soon the whole lot will become a beautiful nursery. You may remove the grown timber for fence or fuel, leaving all brush, and useless, rotten wood scattered over the land for manure, and nothing more is required but to wait patiently the result. Providence, as if partial to the maple, has furnished the seed with wings, with which it will find its place to every unoccupied part of the lot.

It was my intention to offer a few remarks on the management of a grove where nature does not furnish the seed on the spot; but I fear (having wandered from the text,) I have already trespassed too far on your space, and on the patience of your readers. I would, however, remark what has come under my notice in reference to transplanting maples. Go, just as the bud is bursting into leaf, get thrifty young trees, about the size of your wrist, cut off all the top, leave a fair portion of root, not over long exposed to the hot sun, plant carefully and give a liberal mulching of coarse manure, and my experience for it, your trees will all live and give beautiful thrifty tops, only protect from the cattle.

Whitby, C W., 1861 W PAXTON, JR.

[WE will be glad to hear from Mr. PAXTON on the subject indicated in his closing paragraph, or any other topic which may suggest itself, whenever he finds it convenient. — EDS.]

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HUNGARIAN GRASS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — In a recent issue of your Journal you quote from a correspondent of the *Northwestern Farmer*, who objects to the raising of Hungarian Grass, because it exhausts the soil by the extraction of fatty matter for the formation of its seeds. This is, I admit, to some extent true, but not as much (at least with me,) as he would lead one to suppose. I have raised the Hungarian and also the common millet, for the last eight years, and have yet to find that it is more exhausting than a grain crop. But perhaps this may be owing to my manner of growing it for fodder and for seed.

For fodder I sow the seed quite thick, that the straw may be fine and better fitted to the purpose it is intended for, and instead of letting it remain until the seed is quite ripe, I cut it while yet green, and find it superior for fodder, (judging by the way my horses eat it,) to what it is when left until the seed is perfectly ripe. I do not find any other effect from the use of it than what is greatly beneficial to both cattle and horses. Indeed, mine prefer it to the best timothy hay we are able to raise out here. In sowing the seed very thick, — one bushel to the acre, — I do not find any loss in the produce. Though it does not grow so long, nor so strong in the straw, yet it will produce the same quantity of hay, and of a superior quality. The richer the land the more seed it will bear to the acre.

In order to keep myself supplied with seed of a good quality, I sow as much land as is required, very thin, — say one peck to the acre, — by which means I not only get a superior article, but also a greater produce of seed per acre, the straw being very coarse, but it serves as fodder for oxen, and they will eat it better if cut up for them. I have now in my room, heads of millet seed nine inches long, and thick in proportion. They were not picked heads, but taken from a small patch sown by accident on new breaking.

There is another purpose for which I have found the millet of great use. We have, for the last three years, been greatly troubled with the chinch bug, and in order to prevent their ravages among the corn, I have sown a strip about one rod wide between the corn and other grain, and when they (the bugs,) are driven out from the wheat or oats, they remain in the millet until they eat their way to the corn, but few of them passing through. You can see the progress they make from day to day by the millet changing color, and appearing as if blighted and dead. By the time they got to the corn it is so far advanced the bugs can do it but little injury. I have tried it for three years and it never failed of the purpose intended, while at the same time some of my neighbors' corn was badly injured by them.

In conclusion, I would say I am so well satisfied with the millet and Hungarian grasses for fodder (though I prefer the millet,) I do not feel much inclined to look further for a substitute, though I last year sowed a small quantity of Panic Grass Seed, which appeared to do well, but as I needed it all for seed, I cannot say how the fodder will compare with the common millet. I intend to give it a trial this year.

Both the Hungarian and millet grasses are extensively grown in this neighborhood, and are well liked.

Roxbury, Dane Co., Wis. 1861 W. H. COOK.

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OSIER WILLOWS AND THEIR USES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — For some years the Osier Willow trade has attracted much attention, from the fact that the importations from Europe have so largely increased, amounting, we are told, the past season, to over two million dollars. Now, while we have so large an amount of low-land, comparatively useless for anything else, and which might be applied to the culture of the Osier, it becomes a matter of policy with the owners of such soil to ascertain the most profitable use to which they can appropriate it. But why speak of swampy soil alone, when it will grow just as well on any rich soil, as can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of any one who doubts. I have seen in the town of Seneca, Ontario Co., several patches, all on different varieties of soil, from a creek bottom to some of the fine ridge-lands which adorn that section, and all are flourishing finely. That the willow will flourish on dry soil, is evident from the fact that so many fine willow trees are to be seen adorning rural homes all through our country. In Seneca County, on clay land, may be seen some as fine patches as can possibly grow.

Now, why not use them for hedging. Their rapid growth, making, in some instances, from 7 to 8 feet the first year, and the fact that stock will not browse them, is certainly evidence that they will make excellent fence. And then, in trimming the hedge, the owner has a fine crop for market, which will bring, when nicely peeled, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty dollars per ton in New York city. Here is a chance to make our fencing the most profitable part of the farm, instead of being a tax upon us. Let us think of a few articles to which willows are already applied. Willow cradles receive us when we first enter the world, willow-covered bottles refresh us; willow rattles amuse us; willow wagons draw us; willow chairs support us; willow baskets carry our dinners to school; and from these infantile — homeopathy uses, we soon begin to indulge in allopathic principles.

Hall's Corners, N. Y., 1861. J. M. W.

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FROSTY BITS IN HORSES' MOUTHS. — In the RURAL of January 19th, you quote what the *Ohio Cultivator* says about the cruelty of putting frosty bits into the mouth of the horse, all of which every one must admit, and I hope none practice. The best way that I have found to warm them, is to take the bit in both hands, place it across the edge of the manger, and then shove it rapidly eight inches or a foot back and forth, and in less than one-half minute the bit will be warmed by friction. — SUBSCRIBER, *Fon du Lac, Wis.*

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Rural Spirit of the Press.

Halter-Breaking Colts.

HORSES, or rather colts, says the *Wisconsin Farmer*, soon learn under a good master, and the best time to put on the halter is when the colt is with his mother. He should first be taught that the halter is stronger than he is. When this is fairly done, a small rope will hold him. But if he breaks away on the first trial of his strength in pulling back, he will never forget his feat, but will pull, and pull again, though he may see that he is now tied with a cart rope. This is because his memory is better than his judgment. He cannot well distinguish between the size of his first small halter and the large rope that now holds him. He will only recollect that he has broken one halter, and he supposes he can break any other.

A Novel Ice House.

THE *Winstead* (Conn.) *Herald* gives this account of the manner in which Mr. Goodwin, of New Hartford, fills his ice house: —

"Mr. Goodwin is supplied with excellent water from a spring at a considerable elevation above his house. Connected with a pipe which supplies the latter is a branch pipe leading to the ice house, across which it is extended. Within the ice-house this pipe is pierced by twenty or thirty small holes, from which as many fine jets of water rise to the roof, falling back in drops over the whole bottom surface of the house. These jets are only let on when the weather is cold, and the doors and ventilators being open, the water freezes as it falls, and in a few days, or weeks at furthest, the house is filled with a single block of perfectly pure, transparent ice. Mr. Goodwin's ice keeps through the entire season, with much less waste than that packed in the ordinary way. It costs him nearly nothing.

Wintering Sheep — A Bad Beginning.

A FARMER who wintered eighty sheep last winter with the loss of only two, which he says were old enough to die any how; who raised without trouble forty-four lambs from forty-seven ewes, and whose fleeces averaged over three and a half pounds, gives in the Ohio *Cultivator* the following lively description of his experience in keeping sheep the previous season, without the comfortable shelter which his flock now enjoys:

In the fall of 1858, I started into the winter with about eighty fine sheep without any shelter. But O! how I came out! Against spring opened up, I had sixty-six. But that was not all. I had gone to the expense and trouble of getting two very nice bucks; and from about fifty ewes I raised about half as many lambs, by raising four or five by hand. Was this all? No! When I sheared them, I put what wool I had got off my dead sheep in among my other wool, and then my sixty-six fleeces did not average three pounds.

Best Depth for Milk Pans.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Dairy Farmer* inquires what is the best depth for milk pans, all things considered — material, durability, &c., and adds:

"It was formerly asserted that two inches in depth is as much as ought to be put into a pan of any size at one time, when cream or butter is the object; but lately it is thought by some that evaporation and greater waste more than counterbalance the advantages of this depth; while it is asserted, from the results of some experiments, that six inches of milk will give more cream, in proportion, than one or two will, and that the butter is of a more uniform color and consistency, by avoiding one source of 'white specks,' in part, at least, from the dried particles or sporules of the cream, which may be seen in the form of a tough skin upon the cream, often times so hard that they are not sufficiently broken in churning to form perfect butter.

"Some may think that this is rather a small affair to seek information upon, but let me assure them, if any such there are, that it is by observing the minutia, in every branch of business, is the only way to eminence yet found worthy to be pursued."

In an old volume of the *Genesee Farmer* there is an account of three carefully conducted experiments, for the purpose of determining whether more butter is obtained from a given quantity of milk, when set in pans partly filled, than when full. Contrary to the expectations of the experimenter, from the same quantity of milk in the full pans, some three or four per cent. more butter was obtained than when set in pans half full.

Weight of Hogs — Gross and Net.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ohio Farmer*, speaking of this subject, says: — "I have just been butchering hogs, and having a platform scale at hand, I weighed them to ascertain the difference between their gross and net weight. The following is the result. The first was weighed alive, and again after being killed, showing the loss in blood:

Live Wt	Gross Wt.	Net Wt.	Offals	Blood.
260	253	220	32	7 lbs.
	330	291	39	
	310	276	34	
	383	340	33	

The above were about an average of the hogs killed in this vicinity, and the result shows that a fat hog loses a little less than one-seventh of his weight by being dressed. I also weighed the different parts of one of the above hogs, with the following result: Head, 24 pounds; shoulders, 29; hams, 42; side pork, 90; lard, 17; bone and lean meat, 74; total, 276 pounds. Thus we see that the head is about one-eleventh, the hams and shoulders about one-fifth, clear side pork about one-third, bone and lean meat, about one-third of the net weight of the hog."

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Inquiries and Answers.

MAKING CHEESE. — Will the RURAL, or some one of its numerous contributors, please inform a young band respecting the *modus operandi* of making cheese? Living out of Cheesedom, as I do, and wishing to start a dairy, you will please inform me, through you paper, how to commence and conduct a dairy. — A SUBSCRIBER, *Versailles, Wyandott Co., O.*

It would gratify us to furnish "Subscriber" the information desired at once, but the discussion of the topics proposed would monopolize our entire space. All he wishes to know will be given during the present volume. A series of articles on the Dairy have already been commenced, (see issues of January 5th and 19th,) and the subject will be fully agitated. Meanwhile we would be pleased to hear from our correspondents on the question above set forth.

GOOD BEDS FOR HORSES. — In the RURAL of Jan 26th, while speaking of the stable care of horses, you enter protest against poor beds, and say "a horse can appreciate a good, comfortable lodging place, as well as at least one half the men." All true, notwithstanding I have a horse that doesn't believe any such thing — a bed is to him good for nothing but to paw away. It is impossible, I think, to keep a bed under him. I am far from being the only man whose horse disbelieves sound doctrine, therefore I would be exceedingly happy to learn, through your useful paper, of any method that will oblige a horse of this persuasion to accept of a little straw, lie comfortably down on it, and remember how the thing is done long enough to try it the second time. — SAMUEL SEYMOUR, *Rockford, Ill.*, 1861

We are sorry to hear that Illinois horses have such vitiated tastes, and are somewhat fearful that Prairie Farmers have been lax in certain duties devolving upon them. Horses are teachable, and if brought up "in the way they should go," we would rather pin our faith on their not departing therefrom than on one-half of the "Young America" you could shake a stick at in a month. It may be that the horse of our friend, at some period of his existence, — the hey-day of youth, for instance, — was indulged with a dreaming place, like unto PATRICK, who, having found a feather, thought he would sleep like a rich man for once. Composing his limbs to rest, he soon found MORPHEUS, and, liking his company, remained with the drowsy god till day. Arising, he found himself stiff and sore, and looking down upon his couch, exclaimed, "If wan makes a chap feel like that, it bates Banaghar clane out how the lord and ladies can slape at all, at all. Be gorra, I'm done wid feathers intirely." Horses, especially those who have previously had good care, sometimes learn this habit when a slovenly groom allows the ordure to accumulate under their feet; others are naturally hot and irritable, and display their temper by pawing and stamping. We have known horses in which this habit had become a vice. They destroyed their litter, broke up the floor of the stable, knocked off their shoes, and injured their feet and legs. JENNINGS, in his work upon the *Horse and his Diseases*, says: — "Shackles are the only remedy, with a chain sufficiently long to enable the horse to shift his posture, or move in his stall; but these must be taken off at night, otherwise the animal will seldom lie down. Unless, however, the horse possesses peculiar value, it will be better to dispose of him at once, than to submit to the danger and inconvenience that he may occasion."

WATER-PROOF BLACKING. — Noticing an inquiry, in a late number of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for a recipe to make Water-Proof Blacking, I would recommend the following: — Melt ten pounds of tallow and five pounds of lard in a pot over a slow fire, in another pot (very gently,) two and a half pounds of beeswax, add this to the tallow, mixing well. Take your pot from the fire, and put into it two and one-half pounds of olive oil and two and one-half pints of spirits of turpentine, add ten or twelve pounds of ivory-black while stirring, which should be continued half an hour. Let the mixture cool, and fill boxes to shade. — M. H. D., *Salem, West. Co., Pa.*, 1861

WATER PROOF BLACKING. — Seeing in the RURAL NEW-YORKER an inquiry for a good Water Proof Blacking, I take pleasure in sending the following: — One pint castor oil; one-half pound tallow; a lump of good rosin, as large as a walnut; a lump of burgundy pitch, as large as a hen's egg, three cents worth lampblack. This should be melted over a slow fire, and when to be applied, should be about milk warm, and applied with a clean sponge. I have tried it, and think there is nothing better. — A SUBSCRIBER, *Verona, N. Y.*, 1861.

ANOTHER MODE. — One of the RURAL'S Illinois correspondents wants a recipe for a Water-Proof Blacking, for boots, shoes, &c. I will give him one that I know to be good, as I have used it for years, and my father used it before me: — One-half pint linseed oil, ½ pint neatsfoot oil, ½ lb mutton tallow; ½ lb beeswax; a piece of rosin about the size of a hickory nut, and enough lampblack to make it a dark color. Melt all together till they are well incorporated, and put away to use as you may want it. It is first-rate to keep all kinds of steel plows and other tools from rusting, as well as boots from soaking water. — S S WILLIAMS, *Morris, Grundy Co., Ill.*

SCAB ON THE EYE-LIDS OF CATTLE. — In the RURAL NEW-YORKER of Jan 5th, Mr CHAPMAN wishes to know what is the matter with his cattle, and the remedy. As to the cause, I am not certain, but of the remedy, quite. My experience to this is that it most always begins about the eye, and quite often extending to other parts of the body to the form of a scale, or scurvy. *Remedy.* — Apply equal parts of hog's lard and spirits of turpentine to the parts affected, for a few times daily, and the cause will be removed, and new hair present itself. — R. E. MILLS, *Amber, N. Y.*, 1861

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VERMONT BUTTER AND CHEESE. — It is in print that Franklin county, Vt., is great in the butter and cheese line. Dairy products were shipped from the St. Albans depot, in 1860, amounting to 2,507,074 pounds of butter, and 1,082,001 pounds of cheese, worth, in the aggregate at least $650,000; and this was only a part of the product of that section of country.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER of the past two months has been remarkably pleasant for the season. We do not remember a winter in a decade of years during which the temperature has been so uniform. While we have frequent accounts of heavy snow storms, both East and West, blockading railroads, &c., it is worthy of note that we have not had a fall of more than four inches of snow at any one time in this locality — and not six inches on the ground at any period during the winter — yet fair sleighing almost continually for two months.

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FINE AND PROFITABLE TURKEYS. — In a recent letter, A. G. PIERCE, of Manchester, Ontario county, gives these facts and figures: — "On the 16th of January, I killed 30 young turkeys that weighed 400 lbs. after being dressed. I shipped them the next day to Boston, Mass., and they were sold for 15 cents per lb. — amounting to $69. Freight and charges paid at Boston, $7 39 — leaving $61 61 that I received for the 30 turkeys, or an average of $2.06 each. If any of your readers can beat that, I would like to hear from them. The yearling turkey that I bred the above from "still lives," and weighs twenty five and a half pounds."

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FROM SOUTH CAROLINA we have received quite a number of *favors* during the past two weeks — straws which indicate that the wind is changing. One letter is headed "*Republic of S. C.*", yet the writer is anxious to secure the RURAL. He can have it, but we decline addressing in that wise yet awhile. Another who wants the paper says: — "As we are out of you, and as *our currency has depreciated*, what kind will suit you? I suppose *United States* postage stamps or TOM BENTON'S 'yellow boys' will answer the purpose." Yes, any thing issued by authority of our common uncle — SAMUEL — is acceptable, and so long as U. S. stamps and mint drops are at par throughout the country, there is hope for the Union, the Constitution, the Maintenance of the Laws, the Prosperity of the People, and Perpetuity of the Republic.

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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER IN VIRGINIA. — The political excitement has been such that we thought many Virginia subscribers might *secede* from our books this year — or, rather, not invite us to re-enter their names therein. But, though our friends in that and other Southern States did not remit as early as usual, they are now making amends — albeit some express fears that the mails will "fail to connect" before the close of the year. Among other letters received during the past week, one from a friend in Loudon Co., Va., (containing payment for a club of twenty nine subscribers,) after speaking of the discouragements of the lovers of the Union, says: — "If the Government should stop the circulation of Northern newspapers, I hope then will remit back the excess that we may be entitled to. It appears like a silly request, but we cannot make any calculations until the Secession Funeral is over." Yes, friend, if the Old Dominion — the birth-place of WASHINGTON and his compeers — is so unwise as to leave a Union, to the establishment of which her sons so largely contributed, we will return any excess received from her patriotic and Union-loving citizens. But we do not anticipate any such result.

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GREAT CROPS OF TURNIPS IN CANADA. — Our Canada friends seem determined to beat the States' farmers in crops and stock raising. We have recently given testimony on some points, and now D. S. BUTTERFIELD, Esq., of Norwich, Oxford county, C. W., takes the stand in this wise: — "In the RURAL of Dec. 22, I noticed your description of a large turnip, weighing 17¼ lbs., grown by Mr. G. F. WERNER, of Penfield, N. Y., and thought it would not be amiss to give you a short account of the Ruta Baga crop in this county, South Oxford, C. W. The Directors of our County Agricultural Society offered $20 for the best, and $10 for the second best acre of Swedish Turnips. The competitors were twenty-one in number, and scattered over the different towns in the county. In connection with JAMES WILLIAMS, Esq., and GEORGE WISEMAN, Esq., of Dereham, I was appointed to examine and report upon the same. Our plan of procedure was to carefully examine and select an average square rod, pull tops, clean off the earth and roots, count and weigh the same, noting the quality of soil, time of sowing, mode of culture, &c. We awarded the *first* prize to Mr JOHN REED, of Der[illegible]ham. The produce of his turnip[illegible] 40-60, or 42 87 100 tuns per acre. Average weight 5 lbs. 2 oz. each. The second to Mr WM. AGUR, of the same place, produce 1,256 40-60 bushels, or 37 1-5 tuns per acre — average weight, 4 lbs. 3 oz. The average yield of the 21 competitors was 906 bushels per acre. I would have sent you the report in full, but think it would be taxing your space rather more than you would be willing to bear. If you have any better or larger crops of purple top Swede turnips in the United States, please report, and the farmers of this county will try again next season."

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THE FRIENDS OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER — including long-time subscribers, new recruits, constant or occasional borrowers, and *the rest of its readers* — are invited to read the announcement headed "*Good Pay for Doing Good*," on the seventh (advertising) page of this paper. All who can consistently aid in augmenting the circulation of the RURAL, are particularly requested to note the Extra Gifts offered (in addition to former offers,) for lists procured between this date and the 1st of April. The premiums are so liberal that hundreds who have never acted in behalf of the paper, may easily secure from $3 to $10 worth of valuable books. Young men will find the opportunity a rare one.

— It is proper to state in this connection that we are abundantly satisfied with the result thus far this year — our list being several thousand greater than it was twelve months ago — and hence feel like giving every one disposed to assist in reaching the circulation we have resolved to attain, a decided benefit, even at a temporary pecuniary sacrifice.

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GOOD FARMING DEFINED. — A capital definition of good farming was given by a Mr KANE at an agricultural discussion in Dorsetshire, England. He said he fed his land before it was hungry; rested it before it was weary, and weeded it before it was foul.

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Doings of Agricultural Societies.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of N. Y. State Ag. Society is to be held at Albany, on Wednesday next, Feb. 13th.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE AG. SOCIETY. — The annual meeting of this Society was held at Harrisburg, Jan. 16th. Hon. JACOB S. HALDEMAN was re-elected President, and most of the other officers re-elected. At a meeting of the Executive Committee some awards were made which are worthy of note and imitation by other Societies. For example, a pitcher of the value of $50 was voted to a lady of Wilkesbarre, "as a testimonial of appreciation of her efforts and liberality in the decoration of Floral Hall." A goblet valued at $25 was also awarded to Gen. E. W. STURDEVANT, as an appreciation of his services before and during the exhibition at Wyoming — and a certificate of life-membership voted to Gen. JAS. IRVINE, of Centre Co., for his public spirit and liberality to the Society.

WISCONSIN AG'L AND MECH'L ASSOCIATION. — At the annual meeting of this Association, held in Milwaukee, Jan. 22, the following officers were elected: *President* — T. C. DOUSMAN. *Vice Presidents* — Alexander Mitchell, H. Crocker, J. V. Robbins, D. Ferguson, H. Durkee, Moses Whitesides, W. D. McIndoe. *Secretary* — I. A. Lapham. *Treasurer* — Harrison Ludington. *Executive Committee* — T. C. Dousman, S. S. Dagget, Simon Ruble, W. H. Hubkirk, J. L. Durnham, S. B. Davis. The Sentinel says it was decided to hold the next Fair in Milwaukee, commencing Sept. 10, and to offer premiums amounting to $7,906. The Executive Committee were authorized to hold a Spring Fair, for the sale of stock, if deemed expedient. (This Association is, we believe, a joint stock one, on the plan of the St. Louis and proposed Western New York Association.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION (Kalamazoo, Mich.) — At the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the "National Association for Improving the Breed of Horses," $5,906 was voted to be offered in premiums at the Fourth Annual Fair, for 1861. The precise time is not yet determined, but the list of premiums will soon be made out and forwarded to all applicants. The following officers were chosen: *President* — Hon. CHAS. E. STUART. *Secretary* — Geo. F. Kidder. *Treasurer* — W. G. Pattison. *Directors* — [illegible]O. Humphrey, Geo. H. Gale, A. Cameron, B. M. Austin, John K. Ward, John Milham, F. C. Walbridge. — Yours, G. F. K.

HORTICULTURAL.

OHIO STATE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Ohio Pomological Society is one of the most efficient in the country. It was organized in 1847, and the regular meetings are now held biennially, alternating with the meetings of the American Pomological Society; but special meetings may be held at any time, on the call of the President and Secretary; and the *Committee ad Interim* are expected to meet at least once in each year, in addition to the regular meetings of the Society.

The last meeting was held at Cincinnati on the 15th and 16th ult., and we give a synopsis of the discussions.

APPLES.

Indiana Favorite—Described by Dr. Warder, as red, striped, good size, and resembling the Red Vandervere or Newtown Spitzenburgh; not so fine in flavor, but a better keeper; supposed to be a seedling of the Vandervere Pippin. At this point, a long discussion sprung up on the size indicated by the terms "medium" and "good size."

Buchanan Pippin—A seedling raised by Mr. Buchanan; medium size, red, a long keeper, and best for eating in May.

Minkler—Named from Mr. Minkler, of Illinois; handsome, second rate in flavor, but a good keeper.

Hogue Pippin—Specimen from Cambridge, Ind.; large, striped, good bearer, good for marketing; origin not known.

Northern Spy—This apple drew out a great deal of discussion. In Northern Ohio it is highly regarded, but in this locality it does not attain the same perfection, and is liable to crack open.

Ohio Pippin—Introduced by Mr. Buchanan under the name of "Ernst Pippin;" fruit very large, roundish conical, excellent flavor, and a good keeper. The proper name of this specimen called out a good deal of discussion. Dr. Warder maintained that it was the same apple known as the London or the Loudon Pippin.

Higby Sweet—First came from Gen. Perkins of Trumbull county; fruit medium size, roundish, ovate, faintly ribbed, flesh tender, sweet, aromatic, and very pleasant.

Dr. Warder presented a New York Pippin, now decided to be identical with the Carolina Red Streak, Victoria Red, and Kentucky Streak; and a Ben Davis apple for comparison.

The Committee decided that they were identical.

Baldwin—This is an old variety, and was voted "not very good to eat," but "first rate to bring in the dimes," on account of its prolific qualities.

Belmont—Good for Northern Ohio.

Large Striped Pearmain—From Tennessee. Specimen not in good condition.

Bagby's Russet—Specimen wilted; reported to be good from December to April.

Whitney's Russet—Quite small, good, looks like the Pomme grise.

Wagener—Presented by Mr. Miller, who spoke very highly of it.

Peck's Pleasant—Second in quality only to the [illegible] Red.

May of Meyers—A very long keeper.

July—A long keeper but poor.

Durable Keeper—Presented by Lewis Jones, of Cambridge city, a fair looking, hard apple; not tasted.

Stock Apple—Exhibited by Mr. Bateham, from [illegible] [illegible]-sized, handsome apple; resembling, when grown, Rawle's Jannet, but not identical with it. It is highly esteemed as a long keeper.

Liberty—From the same county; originated there; mentioned in previous reports; very good market apple for spring.

Chillicothe Seedling—Presented by Dr. Warder. Not known, and not recommended.

Seedling—By Irving Willis, of London, Ohio. Esteemed there for great productiveness and long keeping. Decided not sufficiently good.

Chillicothe Red Streak—By W. F. Bowen. Not known to the Society, but highly approved by Mr. Bowen for productiveness and good keeping qualities.

Holden Sweet—Of Marietta. A fine sweet apple of medium size, yellow, resembling Broadwell. Not known to the Society, but commended.

Knox Russet—By Rev. J. Knox, of Pittsburg. A handsome, small fruit, reddish russet, tender flesh, sweet and good, very productive and profitable. Not known to the Society. Said to be a seedling of Westmoreland county, Pa.

Moore's Seedling—Presented by D. Kenyon; originated on the farm of Burris Moore, in Scioto county, Ohio; a large, striped apple, closely resembling the Buckingham of Illinois and Virginia, promising to be valuable for the Southern market.

Western Beauty—Dr. Warder remarked that the Western Beauty was first seen in Ohio State Fair at Columbus about five years ago. He thinks it originated in Pickaway county, where it is called the Big Rambo. It ripens in July, and can be kept till March. It is an apple very subject to change in grafting.

Ohio Nonpareil—The President introduced a specimen of this fruit, which he said was very popular in the western part of the State. The Society dissented from a view expressed by many Pomologists, that the Ohio Nonpareil resembled the Coggeshall of New England.

Southern Apples—Dr. Warder introduced a number of specimens of apples from the South. The first, the Kentucky Long Stem, from I. S. Downes, of Todd county, Ky., he knew but little of, save from its taste and flavor, which are good. From the same gentleman, a specimen of the Dr. Fulcher was shown, which was believed to be a better article than the Kentucky Long Stem. It was grown on the southern border of Kentucky, in the town of Elkton. The Kentucky Cream was also presented. It resembles the Cluster Pearmain of Indiana. It is said to be a very good keeper.

PRUNING.

The subject of pruning was opened for discussion by Mr. Riley, who believed that the absence of protection to the trunk of the tree, from the rays of the hot sun, was one of the main causes of premature decay, and that the lateral branches should in all cases be so arranged as to give this protection. He did not say this was the only cause of decay, but believed it was the main cause. A want of proper judgment in giving the heading to a tree, in such manner as to produce malformation, was another thing prejudicial to the growth of the tree.

Mr. Petticolas went further than Mr. Riley. He had seen much injury done by borers to trees having long stems. He thought the branches should be as close as possible to the ground.

Dr. Warder said the borer would attack all trees when transplanted, if not thrifty.

Mr. Loomis remarked that he had never seen a healthy tree attacked by a borer. He believed a tree was like the human body in this respect. As long as it remains healthy and sound, the insects would not injure it.

Mr. Catt thought discrimination should be used in training trees; that all trees should be trained according to the natural growth of their branches. The Bellflower should be trained high—the Benoni low, according to the manner in which they spread in attaining their growth. He did not believe it the nature of the borer to deposit eggs in healthy, living bark. In planting, said he, trees should be set toward the southwest.

Mr. Millikin said it was the cupidity of farmers that induced them to seek tall trees. He once bought and planted 150 trees of tall form. They grew for a while, but soon all were attacked by borers.

Mr. Stoms dissented from the opinion that healthy trees are not attacked by borers. He believed the cause of injury was the want of proper shading. He held that trees must be branched near the ground.

Mr. Loomis inquired if the borer ever attacked the north side of a tree, to which several gentlemen answered in the negative. Then he assumed that injury was first done by scorching; after the tree was scorched, it was attacked by borers.

Mr. Stoms believed that the instinct of the borer taught it that a hot sun was necessary to the hatching of its eggs.

Mr. Riley said that all the remarks made tended to confirm his position, that shading the trees was necessary to prevent the attack of borers. The same thing might be observed in regard to fruit trees. In recent clearings he found that young trees left exposed to the sun had been attacked by the borers.

Mr. Stoms said that nurserymen ought not to be compelled to furnish brains as well as trees, but that the Society should give it forth in all its proceedings, and nurserymen ought to tell their customers that no horse or cow, or other large animal, ought to be allowed in any case to run in an orchard, and that trees should be trained with low heads.

Mr. Millikin said that sheep should not be included in the list of animals prohibited from ranging in the orchard. He believed that sheep should in all cases be pastured in orchards.

Dr. Warder took the floor, and spoke at length upon the subject, advocating the utility of setting trees low.

Mr. Graham recommended that trees be washed with soap suds in summer to kill the eggs of the borer. He agreed with what had been said in regard to the trimming of trees.

Mr. Kenyon spoke of the relative effects of the high and low training of trees. He said that a wash of one pound of potash to one gallon of water was a very good preservative of the health and vigor of a tree. He had used this wash on plum trees and found it very effective in the destruction of the curculio. He coincided with the opinions of the gentlemen who had expressed themselves in favor of the low training of trees.

RIPENING PEARS.

Mr. Buchanan had tried to keep pears in the wine cellar, but had found his wine house much better for the preservation of the fruit. As a general thing, his pears ripened better when plucked three days before attaining their full maturity. To ripen them in winter, he brought them into a warm room and kept them there for two or three days.

Mr. Bateham found the chief difficulty in keeping winter pears to be their disposition to wilt. If he put them where they would not rot on account of moisture, they were sure to wilt.

Mr. Taylor had experienced difficulties similar to those complained of by Mr. Bateham.

Dr. Warder said that no two species of pears could be relied on as being ripe at the same time. It is necessary to study the character of each individual variety, in order to understand them sufficiently well.

Mr. Riley spoke concerning one pear—the Vicar of Winkfield. He formerly thought it a very poor fruit, but in keeping a quantity in his cellar some six or eight weeks, he found them of very good flavor, nearly equal to the Bartlett. He put them in a dry cellar, taking care to exclude the light and air. He did not believe it was the atmosphere that shriveled the fruit, but the light.

SMALL FRUITS.

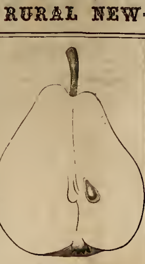
Strawberries.—Mr. Wm. Stoms spoke of the varieties. Wilson's Albany was not such as he would plant for his own use. Its flavor was not to the taste, and the fruit stalks were too short. Still its great productiveness makes it profitable. The Iowa, or Washington, was the most reliable and profitable as as an early variety. Needs wide planting and good culture. But if he were going to plant largely for market, he would choose the Wilson's Albany. After planting, must be cultivated so as to keep them perfectly free from weeds.

Lawton Blackberry.—Mr. Knox has ten acres of these plants. They produce enormously. The berries are fine when ripe, but the character of this fruit has been injured by picking before ripe. They are luscious, and popular in this market. He had crops for four or five seasons, and never failed, save from the June frosts of 1859. He plants in rows five by ten feet apart. He pinches off the tops, and uses no stakes. They never winter-kill.

TO DESTROY APPLE TREE WORMS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I wish to inform the numerous readers of your valuable paper, my method of destroying the apple tree worms. They were very destructive in many places in Sandy Creek and Oswego county, in 1859. G. S. Buel's orchard was most entirely stripped of its leaves, and ours badly injured. As this is the time to kill them, I take the opportunity to give a hint on the subject. The egg of the worms are now waxed on the ends of the limbs, about middle way of the tree, the most of them, so that they cannot be more than eight or ten feet out of reach. I take a pair of shears, made for the purpose, with handles about seven or eight feet long, or longer. Make a coarse edge on your shears by filing, and have them made strong, and then in a sunshiny day you can go around the tree and can see the nests and clip them off at your pleasure. If cut off now and left to remain until spring on the ground or till time to hatch, there will be nothing left of them. I cut them from our cherry trees, and the next summer not one were seen. From one cherry tree I cut twenty-one nests, and if they had been left that summer they would have ruined the tree. Now is the time, in January and February, to kill the worms. They are very plenty on all the trees I have noticed this winter, and next season will damage the orchards much, if not got off. If left on until hatched out, it is four times the work to get them off, and cannot be done thoroughly, besides at that time we have plenty of other work, and the leaves hide the worms. C. Allen.

Sandy Creek, Oswego Co., N. Y., Jan., 1861.



THE BARTRAM PEAR.

When at Philadelphia last autumn, we were presented with specimens of the Bartram pear. It is of medium size, pale yellow, obovate, juicy, melting, of fine texture, and of the "best" quality. It was brought before the American Pomological Society at its last session in Philadelphia, by R. R. Scott. Mr. Mitchell indorsed its good qualities, and stated that it was well known to Dr. Brinckle, who had taken pains to obtain its history from the Bartram family. Mr. M. said it was so much superior to the *old* Bartram pear, that that variety should be discarded and stricken from the lists and this inserted in its place.

THE BOTANY OF JAPAN.

Now that foreigners have obtained access to a portion of the Japanese Empire, we shall soon become acquainted with its Flora; and in a few years, no doubt, our gardens will be decorated with importations from that strange land. Mr. John G. Veitch, son of the celebrated English nurseryman, is now on a collecting tour in Japan, and will soon have skimmed the cream of its Flora. Mr. V. reached Nagasaki on the 20th of July, and immediately commenced his researches. From his letters, published in the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*, we make the following extracts:

"I have already picked up in an old Japanese garden one or two nice plants, which I think will prove to be good things; from what I have seen as yet I think there are many good evergreens here, but no Coniferæ of note. Cryptomeria japonica is common, but all the rarer species are further north, and indeed I would rather find them there than here, as I fear they would not be hardy. I propose going up to Jeddo as soon as an opportunity offers, and then probably on to Hakodadi. As the winter sets in early in November in the north, I shall be able, after collecting at Hakodadi, to return to Jeddo, getting seeds of Coniferæ, &c., and then, coming back to Nagasaki, take all my collection to Hong Kong. From what I can judge I shall be able to get a good many plants suitable for glass cases. And I hope to send you some seeds of new hardy ferns in my next letter; but they are not yet quite fit.

I have been occupied some time in rambling over the hills in this neighborhood, and looking into all the gardens I can gain access to in the town. The people are excessively civil, and in no one instance have I met with the least hindrance; on the contrary, every one gives me any plant I take a fancy to, and seemed pleased to do it.

I have been as far inland towards the center of the island as foreigners can get, but have still a good many hills and valleys to visit. The vegetation on the hills and mountains, the highest of which accessible to foreigners is 2000 feet, is very varied; but at this season of the year there is scarcely anything in flower. I often walk all day and scarcely get more more than ten specimens. There are many shrubs seeding, but none of these are ripe, and I am compelled to leave them until my return from the north. Amongst shrubs, Aralia Sieboldi is very common, several species of Viburnum, Camellias, and numerous other evergreens. In the gardens here I have picked up several nice things, of each of which before I leave for the north I will send home a specimen.

The only Japanese nursery near here is about 15 miles distant, and in a part of the country where foreigners cannot go. I have, however, sent a man there to bring me what he can find. All the plants I have hitherto obtained are potted and put away in my garden here at the temple. I have between forty and fifty plants, and almost fancy myself at Chelsea while I am watering them, &c.

I have been collecting specimens of Japan timber trees growing in this neighborhood. I have obtained 33 named kinds, and hope to get a similar collection at Jeddo and Hakodadi. I think these will be very interesting, as being the first collection of the kind made in Japan.

I can give you no description of the beauty of the scenery about here; we are entirely surrounded by hills and mountains, so much so that on entering the harbor you cannot see anything of the town until you are close upon it, and then it bursts upon you all at once. The entrance to Nagasaki harbor is considered by persons who have traveled in many countries to be the prettiest scenery of the kind they ever saw; the mountains are covered to the very top with beautiful trees and shrubs, and you cannot walk for an hour in any one direction without ascending one of them."

Horticultural Notes.

The Winter Rose Radish.—The editor of the Rural New-Yorker, in copying our article on this Radish, remarks that our engraving is not a good one, as he has grown it, and in this he is no doubt right, for we have seen it very much as he figures it, grown from seeds purchased at the stores, and we think it has degenerated. Some of our frontispieces have been open to criticism, but this is not true of our portrait of the Rose Radish, we assure our Rural friend that this is a very accurate and fair representation of the Radish as we grew it from the original seed, except that in the colored edition the color should be brighter. The Rural agrees with us in regard to its excellence.—*Horticulturist.*

So well do we agree with our friend of the *Horticulturist*, as to the value of this radish, that it is the only winter variety we would cultivate. But we think we obtained the first seed that ever came to this country, having obtained it in 1850, from Vilmorin & Co., of Paris, and we have obtained our seed from the same source ever since. Our drawing represents the radish as we grow it, and we observe that it agrees precisely with the colored representation published by Vilmorin

Producing Double Flowers.—The Germans, it is known, are very successful in growing seed of Asters, Stocks, and Balsams, that produce very double and beautiful flowers. This is done by growing the plants crowded in pots, in a very poor soil, until the blossom buds are forming, when they are liberally watered every day with rich liquid manure. The effect is a few fine seeds that will produce perfectly double flowers, instead of a great many poor seeds. Mr. James Eadie, in an essay read before the Progressive Gardeners' Society of Philadelphia, alluded to the fact in the following terms

"Much depends upon the state of growth of the parent plants, if they are growing very luxuriantly previous to setting their seeds, the seedlings will prove strong growers; but if, on the contrary, the plants are weak, and when setting, and while maturing seed, are stimulated into a strong and vigorous growth, the fruit will be larger, and the tendency to produce double flowers very much increased

"This is a fact well known to the German florists, who are proverbial for producing double Balsams, Asters, and Stock-gilly flowers. It also explains the reason why the Dahlia and Hollyhock flowers remained so long single, although the plants were as strong growers than as now, and why their seedlings are so certain to degenerate, no matter how strong the plants are, unless every means are taken to stimulate them while setting and maturing seed. It may also explain why Tulips and Pansies are so generally produced single at this day, as any stimulus given to them, while in flower, causes the colors to run and intermix, thus spoiling their beauty in the eyes of critics, for any tendency to double flowers in these plants is accompanied by defective coloring

"The best raiser of the Stock-gilly that I ever knew, used to grow his plants in very small pots and poor soil, until the blossom buds began to form; he then planted them out in a bed of rich soil, and supplied them liberally with manure water, until the seeds were ripe, and from seeds so produced, he had always a large proportion of plants that had double flowers, and the plants of a fine dwarf habit, which would not be the case when the stimulus was applied during all the period of growth."

The Weather, Fruits, &c., in London.—A friend, now on a visit to England, writes us on the 1st ult.:—"I have been into several fruit rooms here, and I assure you the fruit is very poor, hardly fit to be consumed by human beings. I visited the Smithfield Cattle Show, and it was a very fine affair, the cattle being superb. The Sydenham Crystal Palace is a triumph of which the nation may well be proud. I also visited the Thames Tunnel, and all other remarkable places in and around London. Every florist is trying to get seeds of the double Zinnias, and I bought a package containing a very few seeds for sixty cents. We are getting very seasonable weather here at present, the ground being covered with 'crystal and white.' I miss the sleighing, stoves, and such like comforts, very much."

Multum in Parvo.—One of our subscribers, Mr. George Hayward, of Brooklyn, has been reading and doing to some purpose. He writes us as follows:—"I have raised this year, upon *nine* feet square, in my lot at the back of the house, as follows three and a quarter pecks of onions gathered for winter, besides using a good many green with lettuce, one hundred and fifty heads of good cabbage lettuce; twelve heads of cabbage, and a second crop of greens from the same, eighteen good sized cucumbers; a good supply of turnip radishes, both spring and fall; half a bushel of strap-leaved turnips" That shows what can be done.—*Horticulturist.*

Leaf Plants for a Wardian Case.—Ten handsome leaf plants of easy culture for a glass case, we would name Begonia rex, Tradescantia discolor, Tradescantia zebrina, Saxifraga sarmentosa, Hydrangea variegata, any one of the variegated Caladiums, 2 Ferns (1 Adiantum, 1 Pteris or Blechnum); Lycopodium, say L. denticulatum, cæsium, or arboreum; Variegated Periwinkle. This list will afford a great variety of form of foliage, color, and habit, bearing confinement tolerably well, and are plants that can be readily procured of almost any florist.—*Gardener's Monthly*

Record of the Progressive Gardeners' Society.—We are indebted to the Secretary, R. R. Scott, for a copy of the proceedings of the Progressive Gardeners' Society of Philadelphia, being the first annual report for 1860. It is a pamphlet of 130 pages, and gives a pretty full report of the discussions at the various meetings, as well as twelve essays on important horticultural topics.

Hints.—Trees, especially willows and others, with long fibrous roots, should never be planted near drains of any kind, not even tile drains, as the roots will insinuate themselves into the tile at the joints, and dam the water, causing the drains to be worthless, unless taken up, the stoppage ascertained, and relaid again at trouble and expense

Prize Reporting.—At the last Fair of the American Institute, Henry S. Olcott, Esq., of New York, was presented with a handsome silver cup for the best public report of the Fair A similar prize was offered lately by the United States Agricultural Society, and was awarded to Mr Olcott.

Longworth's Wine Cellars.—Mr Longworth has a large stock of wine in his cellars, estimated to be worth *two million dollars.*

Inquiries and Answers.

Long Keeping Apples.—I have some apples which are two years old, said to be the *English Russet.* I exhibited them at the Connecticut State Fair in 1859, at the Woodbridge Town Fair in 1860, and they are now at the present time as sound as when picked from the tree, with a prospect of keeping one year longer. Will you describe the English Russet through your valuable paper and much oblige.—Charles N Beecher, *Woodbridge, Conn., Jan. 16th*, 1861.

The English Russet is a valuable, long keeping apple. but its origin, we think, is unknown It is not certain that it is an English apple. Mr. Downing thus describes it: "The English Russet is a valuable, long keeping variety, extensively cultivated, and well known by this name on the Hudson, but which we have not been able to identify with any English sort. It is not fit for use until February, and may be kept till July, which, together with its great productiveness and good flavor, renders it a very valuable market fruit. It is acknowledged one of the most profitable orchard apples Fruit of medium size, ovate, sometimes conical, and very regularly formed. Skin pale greenish yellow, about two-thirds covered with russet, which is thickest near the stalk. Calyx small, closed, and set in an even, round basin, of moderate depth Stalk rather small, projecting even with the base, and pretty deeply inserted, in a narrow, smooth cavity Flesh yellowish-white, firm, crisp, with a pleasant, mild, slightly sub-acid flavor. The trees grow very straight, and form upright heads, and the wood is smooth and of a lively brown."

Sprouting of Apple Trees.—I wish to inquire if apple trees can be prevented from sprouting at the roots. I have had a great deal of trouble with mine.—G H., *Middleville, Mich.*, 1861.

Trees made by grafting on suckers instead of plants raised from seed, are apt to cause trouble, as described by our correspondent. When a tree is stunted by neglect, the sap vessels to the trunk become contracted and do not afford an opportunity for the flow of the sap. The consequence is that dormant buds near the root are pushed into activity, and a mass of sprouts is the consequence. Remove the suckers and give the trunk a good scraping, prune from the top some of the old wood, and in a short time the evil will be remedied. Keep the ground mellow, so that as soon as a sprout appears you can remove it entirely, and not break it off, as this only increases the evil. We have a Seckel pear tree that, when we took possession of the place, had scores of suckers all around the trunk. By pursuing this course for a couple of years it has been entirely cured.

Price of Grapes.—What should grapes sell at per quart? I sold three bushels last fall at ten cents per quart, or seventy five cents a peck. Some think they are too high. We call them the Wine grape, for the want of a better name. They are a deep blue black, when fully ripe, sweet enough, and the largest will measure three-fourths of an inch in diameter Ripe this year the last of September They make a good wine, with five pounds of sugar to the juice of a peck of grapes, and I think if they were very ripe, the wine would do without sugar.—J K., *Marion, Grant Co., Ind.*, 1861.

Grapes sell here by the pound, and at from five cents to ten, according to quality. Those who keep them good until about the first of January can obtain the latter price, and a little more.

Domestic Economy.

TO MAKE A WINDOW SHADE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Place a piece of good bleached cotton, the required size, on a stretching frame, and give it a coat of raw linseed oil, that it may be thoroughly saturated. Let it dry, then paint the scene on the opposite side from that on which the raw linseed was applied. For a mezzotint, use nothing but fine drop black, boiled oil, and turpentine; first dampen the surface of the cloth with raw oil, slightly. The lights are made by scraping off the color with a knife or spatula. Where deep shade is required, use the pigment that you have made thickest, and where lighter ones are used, as in distance, use thinner pigment. The knowledge which artists require in painting, will enable them to judge of the proper consistence. The high lights and semi-lights are made by scraping. The foliage of some trees, for instance, may be made by moving the hand in a circular motion, holding the spatula between the thumb and finger of the blade, and touching the cloth at each half round. The form of foliage must suggest the mode of scraping. A trunk of a tree in the foreground may be made with one stroke of the brush, using thick pigment, and if the light is intended to strike from the left hand, scrap off about the center of the left third part of the trunk, holding the spatula rather flat, so that the shade on the right will not blend too abruptly. There is much to be left to the art and taste of the painter that cannot be described.

In painting with colors, the foregoing rules hold good. Use no lead, as transparent colors are required. Use chalk to diminish the tints, only where actually required, as most all the transparent colors may be rendered thick or thin with boiled oil, and put on the high lights and half lights with the scraping tool. Use neither magilp nor varnish.

St. Marys, C. W., 1861. L. M. C.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Buckwheat cakes and molasses make a favorite winter dish for the multitude in winter time. Why not in summer also? We need in winter the food which contains most carbon; that is, the heat producing principle, something which will keep up the internal fires to compensate for the external cold. Meats, everything containing fat, are largely made of carbon, hence we instinctively eat heartily of meats in winter, but have small appetite for them in summer, while other forms of bread materials, meal and flour, are desired all the year. It is because buckwheat cakes are superior to bread as to fatty matter, while the syrup and butter used with them are almost entirely of carbon. So that there is nothing more suitable for a winter breakfast than buckwheat cakes and molasses. In New York, where almost every kitchen is under the same roof with the dining room and parlors, the fumes arising from the baking of the cakes on the ordinary iron instrument which requires greasing are not very desirable. This may be obviated by using a soap-stone griddle, which does not require to be greased to prevent the cakes from sticking. Children and delicate persons should use the finest white flour of buckwheat. The robust, who exercise or work a great deal in the open air, should use the buckwheat flour which contains all the bran, because the bran is the richest part, yielding more nutriment and strength.

If any unfortunate dyspeptic cannot tolerate them, such an one has only to let them alone, and there will be more of this luxury left to those who can eat them with pleasure and impunity, having had the wit to avoid eating them like a glutton. The simple fact that any given item of food "is not good for" one man, does not "set well" on the stomach, is no proof that it is not good for him. This is a practical thought of considerable importance.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

TOMATO CATSUP—ICE CREAM, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing a request from a subscriber for a recipe for tomato catsup, I take the liberty of sending one which we have tested, and found *not wanting*. Also a few others, which are good.

Tomato Catsup.—Strain your tomatoes and measure them, boil 4 hours over a slow fire. To one gallon tomatoes add 3 tablespoonfuls of salt, 3 of pepper, 2 of spice, 2 of cloves, 1 of mustard. Boil two hours. Add 1 quart vinegar. Cool and bottle tight.

Ice Cream.—Take of new milk and cream each 2 quarts; 2 pounds sugar, and 12 eggs. Dissolve the sugar in the milk, beat the eggs to a froth, and add to the whole. Strain, and bring to a scald, but be careful not to burn. When cool, flavor with extract of vanilla or oil lemon. Pack the tin freezer in a tub, with broken ice and salt, whirl the freezer, and occasionally scrape down from the side what gathers on. The proportions are one quart of salt to every pail of ice.

Puff Cake.—Three cups flour; 2 cups white sugar; 1 cup butter; 1 of sweet milk; 4 eggs; 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, (in the flour,) one of soda, (in the milk,) stir all together at once. Nellie.

Le Roy, N Y, 1861

BREAKFAST ROLLS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing an inquiry in a late number of your paper for making "breakfast rolls," I will give a recipe which I think most excellent. Take two tablespoonfuls of hop yeast, one pint of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of sugar. Sponge over night, and in the morning add a little soda. Make into small rolls, then let it stand a little time to rise before baking.—M. J. C., *Penfield, N. Y.*, 1861.

In answer to Louise L., of Macedon, N. Y., I will give a recipe for making the *best* breakfast rolls, according to our notion. Take unbolted, or Graham flour, and *boiling* water, with a little salt. Mix quite stiff, stirring with a spoon until cool enough to work with the hands, then with the hands roll into rolls three-fourths or one inch in diameter, and bake in a *quick* oven.—M. G. M., *Girard Mich.*, 1861.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

Excellent.—"Compose yourself, my angel," said Madam. "It was nobody's fault, the cook could not have possibly made good bread with that inferior Saleratus. I promise you that after this day we will use De Land's Saleratus in our house; for Mrs. J. tells me that she always uses it, and never has any such luck as this with it—but that, on the contrary, she makes with it the most enchanting pastry, cakes, biscuit, bread, pie-crust, &c., and that it always works like a charm." The grocers sell it. It is manufactured by D. B. De Land & Co., Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE FIRST LOVE.

BY JANE E. RIGBY

How fast the sands of time have run
  to life's deceitful glass,
How much the changing years have done
  For Willie and his lass.

It seemeth only yesterday
  Our youthful hearts were met
In Love's embrace, that is to-day
  Nothing but fond regret.

And hopes, and fears, and sorrow's tears,
  With dull, corroding care,
Have follow'd all the fleeting years
  That left their treasure there

The wreath that fancy lov'd to twine
  Upon my brow, is set,
And other cherish'd loves are mine,
  But that one dreameth yet.

In visions of the stilly night
  I meet that form again,
And earth hath not a joy more bright
  Than is my blessing then.

But day-dreams lure my spirit back
  The old familiar way,
To find *his* footsteps in the track,
  And bitter tears will stray

A widely sever'd path it is
  That we are treading yet;
And, though I never would be his,
  I cannot *quite* forget

Piffard, N. Y., 1861.

* * *

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LITTLENESS.

It is one of my idiosyncrasies to have a particular fancy for objects that are diminutive; delicacy of proportion being, in my eye, almost a necessary attribute of beauty. Scenes and objects which are extensive or colossal, may be described as sublime, magnificent, and majestic; but, to such things as have a *lilliputian* charm about them, the words beautiful and lovely are most apropos. We admire the iris-tinted humming-bird, no more on account of the beauty of its plumage, than for its bewitching tininess,—and so with all things of similar delicacy.

But, leaving this rather metaphysical side of my subject to wiser heads, I will proceed to enumerate a few of my favorites in the charmed circle of little things, premising, however, right here, that every general rule has exceptions, and that, in consequence there are some little creations in nature and art for which I have little affinity. And first among my likes, I like *little* ladies, partly, perhaps, because I belong to that class myself, and, very strangely, think a good deal of myself. Be that as it may, however, I feel confirmed in my opinion, by recalling the language which devoted husbands use in speaking of their better halves. They always speak of them as Mr. Lincoln did of his not long since, as "the *little* woman down the street," or "the dear *little* bird at home," though, for all we know, their wives and his are five feet nine at the minimum.

I have also a decided *penchant* for little hands, as part and parcel of the aforesaid little ladies — not quite so small, but as soft and white as snow-flakes. Such hands, I mean, to look at, for I believe large hands are more useful. At least my judgment tells me so, and that has a good deal more common sense about it than my fancies have. Yes, now I think of it, I am certain I have been acquainted with some dear pairs of hands that have grown large and brown in toiling for a husband's comfort, or a child's happiness. To be sure, they are not so pretty to look at, but I respect them infinitely more than I do those white and jewelled little hands of the young lady who reads romances in the parlor, while her mother is making pies in the kitchen.

Next in my list come little feet, if I may be pardoned for introducing such a word to the fastidious ears of a refined public. Really, I shouldn't have ventured it, if I had not thought of those pretty lines of the poet:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

If such an ethereal thing as poetry can harbor the word, surely my common-place prose can. But I do rather wonder at the use of that word "petticoat" in a poem. I wonder if it wouldn't have suited both sets of feet, the human and poetic, just as well, if some French word, that meant the same thing, but didn't sound so vulgar, had been introduced. However, I'm no poet, so I won't play critic on a poet's fine fancies.

I like a little kid or satin slipper, just the size of the little foot, that is, on three-ply carpets or velvet tapestry; but I do not respect the good sense of the owners of such appendages, when they refuse to put on a thick leather shoe, or rubber boot, on a walking excursion, for fear people will think their feet are large.

I admire little children,—not little gentlemen and ladies, whom their mammas eat up in the parlor, as stiff and prime as so many wax dolls, or take into the streets to be admired,—but *bona fide* children, who have been "brought up" in the country, and own sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. Those that I like, wear calico dresses, and home-spun aprons, that are not too nice to admit of a frolic in the grass, among dandelions and daisies, or an egg-hunt in the barn, or a game of hide and seek on the hay-mow. Some of the dearest, sweetest little boys I have ever known, go bare-footed in summer, wear coarse checked pinafores, and very often a brimless straw hat. I don't call those pale, dyspeptic, starched and ruffled little creatures that one meets in the city streets, *children*. They are early in life thoroughly initiated into the love of finery and display, and too often grow up to be silly dandies and heartless coquettes, which varieties of the *genus homo* I hold in unqualified contempt. But next to children, I love those first cousins of theirs, the lovely race of *little* flowers. Not the flaunting, fragrantless tulips, or the gay yellow lily, or big brazen-faced sun-flower, looking as though it meant to stare all creation out of countenance; but sky-colored spring-beauties, that seem the reflection of the blue eyes of the children who gather them; and early violets, and the sweet little bells of the lily of the valley, every one brim full of fragrance. There is the verbena race, too, beautiful in whatever dress they wear, and tiny pink rose-buds, snowy candy-tuft, and "bridal wreath,"—I like them all.

But, perhaps no flower is so great a favorite with me as the yellow butter-cup that gilds the fields so gorgeously in summer time. I hardly know why I fancy it so greatly, unless it be that I loved it in childhood; and it is a sort of weakness, common to everybody, I believe, to love the things that were dear to them when they were boys and girls. Life is so strange; butter-cups look just as they used to when I was a wee child; but many an other thing that looked like living ever so much longer, is gone. The butter-cups remind me of my tiny sister Annie. She used to gather these golden flowers, and in her infantile glee, tear the shining bits apart and scatter them to the winds. They were such frail things, I thought. But they come now just as they did then, while Annie, the darling, is forever gone. In the mornings of every year, for more than a score, these frail blossoms have opened their eyes above her narrow grave, but her soft eyes open not. I gather a cluster of these yellow blooms every summer, and when they fade, I think of Annie. Perhaps I am wandering from my text in speaking of her, but Annie was a little thing,—only four when she died,—and writing of little things makes me remember her. How they grow in heaven I know not, but to me, sweet Annie comes in dreams, as a little angel, with little bird-like wings, and a crown deftly wrought, but tiny as a star. I cannot think her large.

But in accordance with my premises, I want to tell you of a thing or two of little size which I do not like, and never will.

One is a little dumpy man. Certainly no one is amenable for his size; but I do believe I should be unreconciled to my lot if I were a man, and little at that. I know some little men are talented,—some regular Lilliputs I have seen who were wondrously eloquent; but even in their highest flights of graceful oratory, I have always caught myself thinking, if not saying, "Ah me, what a pity Nature didn't clap an inch or two more on the top of your heads." No, I'm certain nothing would persuade me to marry a little man.

Next in my catalogue come little canes, little dandy canes, such as those elegant gentlemen carry to keep company for a conspicuous watch-chain and ornamented opera-glass. They think, these exquisites, that the ladies admire them for these embellishments; but they don't,—at least, common sense ones, like me, don't. A good, honest cane, large enough to aid an infirm old gentleman down the street, shows that it is made for some good purpose; but these dainty, polished, delicate little canes, are made for nothing, as I can see, but to aid a young man in making a fool of himself.

One or two things more, Mr. Type-Setter, and I'll spare you. Don't you hate these little box stoves that you come across now and then? If you don't, I do. And this is why I once spent a cold winter with a very economical family, who provided me with a little stove, not much bigger than a mouse-trap, and, under Madam Economy's supervision, it proved a very saving piece of furniture. For, as little sticks of wood are a necessary concomitant of similar sized stoves, and as mine host next to never remembered to have any sticks cut short, the heat from my little stove was cut short at once, because the wood was not. I effected a change in my lodgings as soon as practicable, and now before I engage a boarding place, I always look to see if there is a little stove on the premises.

Last of all, and worst of all, I dislike little souls. Many people are so greedy for gain, in such haste to be rich, that they forget that souls, like other things made to grow, want nourishment, and so, instead of acting the benevolent part toward them, they shut them up in some pinched-up corner of their bodies, and neglect and starve them, till they become as dry and almost as invisibly little as the kernel of a worthless chincapin. But these maltreated souls are not always going to stay so. Some day they will emerge from their obscurity, and becoming each a Nemesis, will work terrible vengeance on their despotic masters.

Fayetteville, N. Y., 1861. A. M. P.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SHE JUST LOVED HIM.

"She just loved him," Aunt Eunice Clark says, when people ask her how she managed to bring up George so well. She speaks wisely, too, for the old lady never possessed a spark of what is called "government." She used to tell those who thought it their duty to warn her about being "so slack" with George, that she knew they were right; that she ought to be more severe, but she didn't seem to have any gift that way,—she was sorry, more so than they could be possibly, that George was such a bad boy; but she could only love him, and there wasn't any use in her trying to do anything else.

Now if Aunt Eunice had understood human nature, which she did not at all, and had managed George, she could not have calculated better, for George was one of those spirited boys whose combativeness is ever ready to overflow, and if any one forbid his doing anything he would surely do it from a spirit of opposition. There were some who were ever on the watch to see him do something wrong, and he took good care not to disappoint them. But his mother never irritated him, whatever were his misdemeanors,—she just loved him. She carried a sad and patient face in those days, which haunted her unruly boy more than anything else.

But as George grew older, he disappointed those who were ever predicting that he would always be a source of sorrow to his mother. He gradually left off his bad habits,—became industrious and kind to his mother, whose heart was filled with joy, for George was her only child. But his old disposition remained still, although he did not yield to it, as in the days of his childhood; but it rose up occasionally, particularly when he thought of marrying. There were two girls of his acquaintance, who were his favorites above all others, but he was a long time deciding between them. He had an intuitive knowledge of his mother's opinion, although she had never uttered a word on the subject.

He knew that she thought that Caroline Minturn, although a dashing girl, was bad-tempered, and had no real love for household duties; while he knew that she had ever a smile of welcome for Mary Hill, whom, in his sensible moments, he could but acknowledge himself was much more amiable than Caroline. But he still could not help a feeling of spite towards his mother for seeing things as they were; so one day after studying upon the matter, he resolved to ask her advice about the two young ladies, almost declaring mentally that he would marry the one she did not choose. So he told her that he was thinking seriously about marrying one of the two above-mentioned young ladies, provided, of course, that they would accept him, and asked her which of the two she liked best.

"My son," said Aunt Eunice, tenderly, "marry your own choice, not mine. I promise you to love whoever you do."

George was melted. He never thought of that interview afterwards without a tenderer feeling towards his mother. Not many weeks after that, Mary Hill was his promised wife, and before the year was ended she became the mistress of his house and heart, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that Mary just filled his mother's affectionate heart. And now, when she is older and more dependent on him for comfort, he just loves her with a truth and tenderness which is ever the mother's richest reward.

Geneva, Wis., 1861. B. C. D.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LAST OF A NOBLE RACE.

BY J. W. BARKER

[Ralph Farnham, the last of that noble band of patriots who fought on Bunker Hill, died at Acton, Maine, a few weeks since.]

Dropping as the golden stars
  In the deep ethereal blue,
Fading slowly, one by one,
  From the all-admiring view,
Or, as from the western mountain
  Fades the latest golden ray,
Tinging now the crystal fountain
  In the sunset hills away,—
Thus the noble heroes vanish
  From our nation's galaxy,
Passing through the "shadowy valley"
  To a nobler victory

O'er the smiling hills of June,
  Nature spread her softest green,
Beauty 'mid the roses lay
  All the smiling hills between,
Down the merry streamlet singing
  Toward the deeply blushing sea,
While a thousand homes were ringing
  With the peals of "liberty."
Gallant sires and gallant brothers,
  Leave the plowshare on the sod,
Boldly hurry to the conflict,
  Trusting in the freeman's God

From the fields of Lexington,
  And from Concord's bloody fray,
Where the mountain eagle soared
  Over freedom's natal day;
Up the hill at early morning
  See those noble patriots swell,
In their souls a fire is burning
  Which the despot cannot quell
See them press the friend and brother,
  While deep thunder rends the sky,
Pledged to God and one another,
  There to conquer or to die

Leaden death is sweeping round,
  Strong in truth they heed it not,
In the light of happy homes,
  Toil and danger are forgot;
Hands may fail, but spirit never,
  Freedom is a child of light,
Liveth on, and lives forever,—
  Lives amid the darkest night.
Warren fell, but freedom triumphed,
  Charlestown suffered sword and flame,
Yet above the fearful carnage
  Freedom wrote her angel name

But those heroes have departed,
Ripe in years and noble-hearted;
As eternal scenes were dawning,
Blest they that eventful morning,
When they dared the haughty foe,
Laughed to scorn the threatened woe;
And above the hills of promise
  Saw the golden day star rise,—
Saw the mellow light of freedom
  Fringing all the distant skies.

They are gone, but, living yet
  On the fair historic page,
They may guide our rebel feet,
  Guide our haste and light our age.
If the spirits of those heroes
  O'er earth's scenes are e'er intent,—
If from out their bright entrenchments,
  Earthward, sentinels are sent,—
Are they not still hovering o'er us,
  With their magic power and life,
Breathing on these troubled waters,
  Soothing passion's heated strife?
We may hear them through the shadows,
  Parting where they nobly fell,
"Guard the flag that floated o'er us,
  Love the sacred ensign well."

Buffalo, N. Y., 1861.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PERFECT GRATITUDE.

When we consider the relation which man, in his original purity, bears to the Divine, we can not fail to realize the sublimity which filled the heart of the psalmist, when he uttered these words,—"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor." Man is the noblest work of God,—a combination of heaven and earth,—a type of that eternal power, whereby the sun, moon, and the innumerable stars are kept in their orbits, and around which the lightnings, like swift winged chariots, are made to revolve. But in order to approach our subject more definitely, we will take from out the feeble, perishing casket, which forms the *mortal man*, the rare but real creation forming the *eternal God*.

What an inclosed garden is the human heart in its primary stamp! True it is, that disobedient man has greatly marred its loveliness,—has torn away the lily and the rose, and planted in their stead the brier and the thorn,—but when on that bright morn which spoke creation's birth, it came forth fresh from the hand of God, every plant fragrant, sweet, and fair, we do not wonder that its Maker looked upon and pronounced it "very good." We do not wonder that He collected its every gem, and studded them in a love-wreathed casket, whereon was engraven His own image. Delightful bower! Well may tiny songsters make their nests, and chant upon its festooned vines songs of its purity, benevolence and *gratitude!* On that bright morn, "when the stars of Heaven sang together, and the sons of God shouted aloud for joy," there descended from Heaven a soft-winged worshipper, and took its place among the sons of earth. Its low wings trailing in the dust, it bowed before the humble manger, and lifting its clasped hands to heaven, praised God for the little babe within its confines. Under its new breath of inspiration the whole world knelt in solemn adoration, and from the general heart-altar there arose such a silent flow of gratitude that the angels of heaven veiled their faces, and feared to look, lest they might mar the joyous scene. Ever since that bright morn, gratitude has been an inhabitant of our earth, and the little arbor in every heart-garden is cheered by its genial rays. Thick and fast as the spangled rain-drops from the silver-tinted fountains, blessings descend, filling our outstretched cup, and flooding our souls with new bursts of grateful love.

Away down in the halls of memory, arises the form of a well-remembered one. Endeared by those close associations which form the *heaven* of our lives, how could we be but one. Pure, holy and *almost* perfect, with virtues all clustering in a bright nucleus, revolving around which were constellations as faithful as immortal, it was easy for our hearts to entwine their choicest ivy around such oak,—to give the weak, trailing tendrils to other pruning, and to learn to live in that atmosphere which makes us purer as we breathe. To us, that one possessed the keys of heaven; and ever mingled with the consciousness of *pardon*, is a gentle pleading voice and a magic leading to Calvary. And when, one short year since, we pressed the marble hand upon the lifeless breast, and smoothed for the last time the plaited locks upon the icy brow,—when we imprinted the warm kiss upon the ashy lip, *sealed forever*, and then laid her gently beneath the snow-white lily, think you, we knew not what gratitude was? Ah, yes! the silent heart can best express the meaning of that word, as kneeling beside a new-made mound, it *thanks* God for *such* a friend.

Permit a scene. Around the little family altar, as the shades of night are gathered close, and the evening zephyr sings a low lullaby, is assembled a band of dear ones. Every heart is lifted in silent worship as the chosen one thanks God for the full blessings of the day. Little hands are taught to clasp and turn towards heaven,—little hearts to bow in holy fear, and little voices to breathe—"My Father." Oh! we sometimes think that the angels around the great white throne must envy, as they linger with seraphic wings over such a scene, the beauty and holiness surrounding it, and would fain exchange their celestial duties, to return to earth and join such worshippers. Let those who are deprived of it speak, and they will say that to them it is a glorious, heavenly picture, over which should be unfurled a pure white banner, angel hands should have the care thereof, and inscribed upon its sacred purity, in shining characters should be—*Perfect Gratitude.*

Adrian, Mich., 1861. Mollie.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE CYNIC.

There are some people who take to fault finding as naturally as ducks take to the water,—they seem to be in their natural element only when snarling at somebody or something,—never looking upon or enjoying the bright side of life, but, like the poisonous spider, extracting venom from the fairest blossoms and the choicest fruits. Cold-hearted and ill-natured themselves, they are never willing to see—or, if compelled to observe, will not appreciate a kindly virtue or a noble deed in another, and to the honest and friendly praise which one good heart is ever ready to accord to another, they ever render the curt rejoinder, or the sneering smile. We have all met such persons and heard them converse. They sometimes play the amiable in society, but sooner or later they betray the hidden venom within the heart. The hand-book of memory which they carry, is not filled with records of the pleasant things of this life,—it does not mention the blessings which they have received, the comforts they have enjoyed, or the favors from others which they are so ready to accept—no, these are not worth treasuring up; but the troubles and cares of which all have their share, are carefully garnered—gathered, as it were, into one "benefit band," and they appear to take infinite satisfaction in gazing upon the congregated miseries. They really seem to experience a grim sort of pleasure in considering themselves the most miserable of mortals, and not content with thus making themselves supremely unhappy, they render every one around them equally so, as far as they are able. Selfish and uncharitable themselves, they are ever ready to assign the same, or, if possible, worse qualities to others, and in this way do they reveal the bitterness of the fountain within. The generous soul delights, like the beneficent sun, to paint every object around with its own fair hues, assigning with alacrity to others those virtues with which it is itself endowed, picturing forth its own purity and brightness in the characteristics which it so cheerfully accords to others. So the cynic unconsciously reveals *his* nature in the judgment he deals to others. Seen through the windows of his soul, benevolence becomes extravagance; sobriety, moroseness; cheerfulness, heartless levity; neatness and taste, a love of vain show; and the most harmless amusements are sinful indulgences in his eyes. The brightest virtues and the noblest traits are distorted and discolored in his vision,—the happiest hearts are wounded by the taunts of his tongue,—the most cheerful firesides are darkened by his presence,—moving through the warm currents of society like the gloomy iceberg of the frozen north, he crushes and chills wherever he goes. Smiles fade in his presence, the purest emotions are chilled by his breath, and the ties of consanguinity and love sundered by his ruthless blows. No character is so pure as to be free from his assaults; no home so happy but he will scent and proclaim the skeleton there. Supremely miserable himself, he is a torment and a dread to others; when his true character becomes known, he is by the many despised, by none loved, by all feared and shunned. E. S. T.

East Henrietta, N. Y., 1861

* * *

Happiness.—Tillotson truly says that man counts happiness in a thousand shapes, and the faster he follows it, the swifter it flies from him. Almost everything promises happiness to us at a distance—such a step of honor, such a pitch of estate, such a fortune, or match for a child—but when we come nearer to it, either we fall short of it or it falls short of our expectations; and it is hard to say which of these is the greatest disappointment. Our hopes are usually larger than the enjoyment can satisfy; and an evil long feared, beside that it may never come, is many times more painful and troublesome than the evil itself when it comes.

* * *

The Years.—They do not go from us, but we from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage, no longer serviceable on the march. Look back along the way we have trodden; there they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with them. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up to neither bribe or prayer,—the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no further, the cares that have had successors, and the follies out-grown,—to be reviewed by memory, and called up for evidence some day.

* * *

One Drop at a Time.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

* * *

A Shower of Mint-drops.—If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grain, and grasses. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of heaven.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRUST IN GOD.

BY E. H. FORD

Bend dim, clouded skies above thee,
Hover shadows all around thee,
  Yield not to despair,—
Folded is the silver lining
Of the dark clouds, soon a shining
  Surface they will wear

Roll the waves of sorrow o'er thee,
Seeming in their power to crush thee,
  Let not thy faith remove,—
All the more severe the chastening,
All the nearer thou art resting
  In thy Father's love

"Life is but a troubled ocean,"
Dangerous storms must be thy portion
  Sailing o'er the tide;
But no hidden rocks shall wreck thee,
For thy Pilot safe will guide thee
  O'er the waters wide.

O'er the billows foaming, tossing,
To a haven of "sweet rest," reposing
  In perfect calm and peace,
Anchored there no storms can reach thee,
There all doubts and fears will leave thee,
  There all troublings cease

Geneva, N. Y., 1861

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"I WOULD NOT ALWAYS REASON."

So says the poet Bryant, in one of his poetical effusions, and who does not agree with him in this respect? Who would be ever guided by cold reason, and be a faithful subject to her tyrannical sway? Bryant is said to deal wisely with his themes, and this is a sage remark, quite worthy of the source from whence it came. Certainly, there is no one who can desire to check each impulse, each act or thought prompted by nature, while he looks at it with the forbidding eye of reason, considering it in its various lights and shades when thus seen.

Reason should be our guide sometimes, but we may occasionally cast off its fetters, and permit imagination to reign unchecked a short time,

"While we trace
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around us."

But we should not be entirely ruled by it, so that we can never throw aside its heavy, burdensome weight, and yield to nature's love of mirth and pleasure.

It must be dull enough to be always reasoning and philosophizing, with a grave, solemn mind and countenance, such as one must necessarily have under such circumstances; never relaxing the one from the excited state of its reasoning powers, or the other into a genial smile or a hearty laugh at some merry playfulness, or witty sally.

It gives one such an air of coldness, and heartlessness, to be always controlled by reason, that it actually makes one almost repulsive. We should never think of loving such a person as we should one who sometimes permits nature's promptings and impulses to appear in his behavior, without being subdued by reason.

It is well to make it our counsellor, but not to allow it to become a tyrant over us, restraining the deeper emotions, and making us beings of cool, deliberate calculation, with never one free, unrestrained thought, word or act.

"For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers,
And there are motions in the mind of man
That she must look upon with awe. I bow
Reverently to her dictates, but not less
Hold to the frail illusions of old time,—
Illusions that shed brightness over life,
And glory over nature."

Seneca Co., Jan. 1861. E. W. C.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WITH THEE ALWAYS.

Have friends proved false and left thee in thy extremity? Have adverse tides borne thee down, and left thee alone in the lowest depths of bitter anguish? If so, listen,—do you not hear, in accents low and sweet, words like these:—"I am with thee always." O, does not thy very being thrill with glad surprise, with intenser joy, as this new manifestation of the love and presence of Him who "knoweth our feeble frame," and stands ever ready to minister to our wants.

Then when the sky gathers darkness, and raging tempests hurl fiery shafts in thy pathway, fear not, for He that stilled the tempest on Galilee has lost none of His power, and it is He who promiseth to be with thee "always, even unto the end of the world."

Always! Thrice blessed promise. With thee not only when the sun of prosperity shines undimmed by a passing cloud, but

"When the winds of adversity rise,
And hopes that were brightest are fled,
When storm clouds darken the skies
And our joys are all withered and dead."

Then, when the grave closes over the lifeless forms of those held most dear, go not forth into the world again feeling that thou art alone in thy desolation, with not a friend on whom to lean for support in thy unmitigated sorrow, for the great heart of Him who wept with the sisters of Lazarus, is yearning to pour into thy bruised and bleeding heart the balm of consolation. When thy feet also draw near the swelling flood, and the rushing tide sweeps over thy frail form, bearing thee in triumph out into the chilling waters of Death, then, high above the raging waves, will rise the oft repeated promise,—"I am with thee always."

Oxford, N. Y., 1861. F. M. Turner

* * *

Meeting Our Own Prayers.—In eternity it will be a terrible thing for many a man to meet his own prayers. Their very language will condemn him; for he knew his duty and he did it not. Those fervent prayers, which the good man labored to make effectual, will be "shining ones" in white raiment to conduct their author into the banqueting-house of the Great King. But the falsehoods uttered at the throne of grace will live again as tormenting scorpions in the day of the Lord's appearing. "Be not rash with thy mouth, nor let thy heart be hasty to utter anything before God," is an objection that forbids more than irreverence in prayer. It forbids us, by implication, to ask for that which we do not sincerely desire. Above all, it forbids the asking from God those blessings which we are hindering by our neglect, or thwarting by our selfishness and unbelief.

* * *

Beautiful Reply.—"What are you doing?" said a minister, as he one day visited a feeble old man who lived in a hovel, and was sitting with a Bible open on his knee. "Oh, sir, I am sitting under His shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to my taste."

The Reviewer.

Class-Book of Botany: Being Outlines of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants, with a Flora of the United States and Canada. By Alphonso Wood, A. M., Principal of Female Academy, Brooklyn. [12mo pp. 832.] New York. Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr—Troy: Moore & Nims. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. New Orleans: H. D. M'Ginnis. Mobile: Randall & Williams.—1861.

The Class-Book of Botany was published in 1845, and was the first Flora of the plants of our country, on the Natural System of Classification. It was then a great advance on all that had appeared from the American press, and so strong was the attachment to the Linnean, or artificial, method, that it was held by many to be premature. But, its success was beyond anticipation. In the following years it was so greatly improved by the analytical tables formed by the author, to whose great discrimination and tact, shown in these tables, the young botanist is under the highest obligations for ease and pleasure in the examination of plants, that it became a favorite work. It was, however, a local Flora, embracing the plants north of Virginia and east of Ohio, with the adjoining parts of British America. Its extension was urged by the friends of Botany at the South, and it has become a Flora of the United States east of the Mississippi, except the lower part of Eastern Florida. Virtually, it includes most of the plants, which are found adjacent to the western bank of the Mississippi, and the country adjoining the great Lakes and north shore of the St. Lawrence.

As the Class-Book is designed to describe all the Flowering Plants of this large area, and contains also four orders of the Acrogens, Flowerless Plants, it must be a respectable volume. It is finely printed, with a clear type, and a judicious use of certain abbreviations and symbols, easily known and remembered, and contains several orders and genera and numerous species not before given to any Flora of the country. For amount of botanical knowledge and fullness of detail, no one volume contains the like in less space.

The part of the Class Book of Botany on the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants, is admirably executed, and, while it must commend itself to students in botany, will afford to them all the aid the Press can give. The analytical tables are so excellent, that beneficial changes are not obvious, and will not soon be called for. Though the science is not yet perfect, the appliances from the highest authority are fully employed in the work.

Besides the indigenous plants, and those commonly held to have been introduced, the Flora contains the exotics which are cultivated to considerable extent, "either as useful, curious, or ornamental." This addition will be a high gratification to teachers and classes in higher schools and academies, and private individuals. Among the rare are found Camelia, some Geraniums, Fuschia, Clarkia, Sensitive Plant, Sugar Cane, &c., &c.

This speaking, living Text-Book of Botany, must find many learners and friends.

Marvin's Natural History. Translated from the Thirty-fifth German Edition by Sarah A. Myers. Containing Two Hundred and Sixty-two Beautifully Colored Illustrations. First Series. [12mo.—pp. 467.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Buffalo: Breed, Butler & Co.

Here is a work which will command the attention alike of the teacher, student, and reader of popular works of a useful character. This and the volume which is to follow will comprise, in a condensed form and comparatively small compass the gist of all information now available respecting the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms. And as the subject is receiving increased attention, creating a demand for cheap and yet reliable text-books, the publishers cannot fail of being well rewarded for the taste and enterprise exhibited in giving this translation to the public. They announce that "The number, the beauty, and the value of the illustrations, have very justly attracted the attention of students of Natural History, and commended this work as eminently worthy of being reproduced in this country;" and that "The translation has been made with entire fidelity to the original, and enriched with such additional notes as render it more complete in those departments that relate to the animals, plants, and minerals of America."

—The work is issued in the best style—the coloring of the [illegible] and therefore worthy the highest [illegible]. Every student of Natural History should possess a copy of this admirable work. Sold in Rochester by D. M. Dewey, Arcade.

Miss Gilbert's Career. An American Story. By J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter Sweet," "The Titcomb Letters," "Gold Foil," &c. New York: Charles Scribner.

The author of this story is already a favorite with the reading and lecture-going public. In his previous works he has shown himself master of a clear and elegant style, fine powers of description, and a delicate appreciation of the finer shades of human life and character. His admirers were possibly justified in expecting of Mr. Holland an abler novel than he has written. It must be confessed that this book is not so successful in its aim as the Titcomb letters, which gave our author the public ear. There are deficiencies in the working out of the details of the story which indicate a want of art, and possibly of patience. The leading character, Blague, is sadly deficient in individuality, and he is described rather than portrayed. He certainly fails in impressing himself on the reader's mind as a real personage. The more common characters of the story, who are not put prominently forward, are well worked out, and display dramatic talent of a high order. Notwithstanding these defects, which we have felt bound to note, there are marks of real capacity in the book, and we look upon the author as destined to become a successful writer of novels, if he continues to work in that field of literature. If he had not already won distinction as an essayist and poet, readers would have been easier pleased with Miss Gilbert's Career. The public is exacting in its demands of a man who has already won reputation. Sold by Steele, Avery & Co., and Adams & Dabney.

Chambers's Encyclopædia: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the basis of the latest edition of German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

This valuable work has reached its twenty-fourth part, and the publishers are faithfully redeeming all pledges made in connection with its publication. Celibacy is the closing subject in the number before us. We cannot conceive of any work which would prove more practical in a young man's library than this, and the mode in which it is published (monthly issues, at 15 cents each,) renders its procurement a comparatively easy task for those of limited means. Liberty Hall & Bro. are the Agents for Rochester.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.—Re-printed by Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

The issue of this standard magazine for January has been received, and with the initial number of the eighty-ninth volume it seems to have imbibed new life and vigor. The articles are nine in number, and embrace topics suited to all classes of readers. The politician, theologian, the man of science, the lover of romance,—each and all will find an abundance of "good things" spread for their special necessities and desires. Dewey is the Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Martin's Natural History. Translated from the Thirty-fifth German Edition by Sarah A. Myers. Containing Two Hundred and Sixty-two Beautifully Colored Illustrations. Second Series. [12mo.—pp. 400.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Buffalo: Breed, Butler & Co. Rochester—D. M. Dewey.

The Deerslayer; or, The First War-Path. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. [12mo.—pp. 597.] New York: William A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—Liberty Hall & Bro.

Christian Nurture. By Horace Bushnell. [12mo.—pp. 407.] New York: Charles Scribner. Rochester—E. Darrow & Bro.

Songs for the Sorrowing. By H. N. With an introduction by Wm. R. Williams, D. D. [16mo.—pp. 282.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Rochester—Dewey.

The Children's Picture-Book, of Quadrupeds, and other Mammalia. Illustrated with Sixty-one Engravings by W. Harvey. [pp. 276.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—Steele, Avery & Co.

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky. Up the River. By Jacob Abbott. [pp. 192.] New York: Harpers. Rochester—Steele, Avery & Co.

Spice from New Books.

Cutting Hay on the Alps.

The hum of the factory has not silenced the shepherd's song; and the Alps are still the principal dependence of the people, but are now chiefly private property, yet subject to general laws. Only so many cattle can be kept upon a certain space, and persons are appointed to count them and attend to the clearing of the pastures. Every Senn is bound by oath to give the number correctly. No one is allowed to have a great flock of sheep to the injury of the wild hay, and no one is allowed to begin cutting it before August. This is to prevent accidents to those in the valleys, who must receive notice of the time, because it comes tumbling down from the heights with such force, that persons may be killed or seriously injured if they do not keep out of the way. Those who cut it are obliged to fasten themselves to the cliffs with hooks or clamping irons, by which they hold with one hand and use the sickle with the other, and in this way they gather a hundred pounds a day, where neither goat nor chamois would think of browsing. —*Cottages of the Alps.*

Only a Pebble!

Only a pebble! Oh man, that stone which you thrust so contemptuously out of your way, is older than all else on this earth! When the waters under heaven were gathered together unto one place, that pebble was there. Who can tell us the story of those first days, when the earth was in sore travail, when her heaving bosom belched forth torrents of fire, vast avalanches of hissing, seething water, and volumes of deadly vapors? When glowing, blazing streams of lava threw a bloody red glare on the silent, lifeless earth, and amidst a trembling and thundering that shook the firmament, a thousand volcanoes at once lifted up their fiery heads; when out of the foaming waters there rose suddenly the rocky foundations of firm land and greeted the light that God had created?

That pebble was Life's first offspring on earth. The Spirit of God moved on the waters, and life was breathed into the very gases that were hid in the heart of the vapory globe. They parted in love, they parted in hate; they fled and they met. Atom joined atom; loving sisters kissed each other, and this love, the great child of that Spirit on earth, brought forth its first fruit, the pebble! Other stones also arose; out of the dark chaos new brothers were seen to appear, and countless friends stood by the side of the first comer. Warmth spread through their limbs, electric currents shaped and fashioned them into ever new forms, and they were joined into families and races each in his kind.

And now the wild struggle subsided. The fierce spirits of fire were banished far down to the dark caverns of the earth; but in angry passion they still rage and roar below, rise to powerless fury until the earth trembles and the heart of man is awed, or pour forth streams of burning lava through mighty volcanoes. Thus the flames bring us, even now, messages from the vasty deep, and the lava shows us that what is firm and fast on the surface is still boiling and seething below. Ever yet the unruly spirits trouble the earth. Here they lift Sweden or Chili high out of the vast ocean, there they draw Greenland and Italy down towards their unknown home. Ever yet the stones live; they lift up and sink islands, they fashion new lakes and fill up large streams; they pour fiery cataracts from lofty mountains and bury whole cities under vast volumes of ashes. They are ever active, and change, day by day, the very soil on which we live. Such were the pebble's earliest days: Is he not well-born?—"*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature,*" by M. Schele De Vere.

A Storm of Locusts.

As we went quietly through the streets the two soldiers by whom I was escorted raised a sudden cry, exclaiming, "Allah! Allah! turn away from us this plague by which we are threatened, and direct it toward the land of the unbelievers!"

"Wherefore this cry?" asked I of those who uttered it.

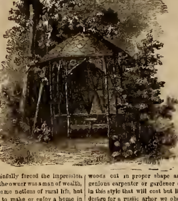
"Turn your eyes toward the east," said one.

I looked in that direction and perceived that the horizon was wrapped in gloom, the stars appearing as if obscured by a veil; on asking my attendants the cause of which, they said: "Do you not see the locusts coming? Allah protect us!" Now a drowsy tumult began to vibrate in my ears, increasing in loudness until it broke out into a deafening noise. In every direction the Marebeys were to be seen issuing from their dwellings, armed with all such utensils of iron and of copper as they could lay their hands on. Men, women, and children now began to beat upon their pots and pans with all their might, uttering piercing shrieks in accompaniment, and crying at intervals, with astounding loudness, "*Haddid! Haddid!*" (iron! iron!) In spite of this fearful din, however, the locusts kept steadily advancing. The black veil by which the east was obscured kept enlarging and spreading out until it came over our heads; the air became thick and murky; the sky disappeared from our gaze as if a great sheet had been spread out above us, with holes in it here and there, through which a few stars were visible. Then I felt a pelting as if of elastic hailstones which rebounded from me, and in a few moments the earth was thickly covered with a dense layer of the insects. Fortunately, the easterly wind on which they came now ceased to blow, a gale from the north beginning to whistle wildly up, carrying the plague away with it toward the tribes encamped to the south of us.

Once upon the ground, the locusts commenced devouring every thing they could feed upon—but as their fall was of short duration, the devastation committed by them was not very great, and the people were comforted. "The grace of the Prophet and the power of the word *haddid* saved us this time," said my guards; "instead of being an evil, in fact, this visitation will be a gain to us, for the locust is as useful when dead as he is destructive when alive. He eats up our crops now and then; well, we eat *him* in our turn."

The scene was a striking one as I advanced into the camp. Each tent was lighted up to an unusual extent, while every member of the caravan, armed with a torch and having a bag slung round his body, was occupied in catching locusts. Satisfaction beamed on every face, so that one might have supposed these good people were picking up gold—for the Arabs are remarkably fond of locusts, which they dress in several ways. Some boil or broil them, having first cut off their feet, legs, and heads. Others dry them in the sun and grind them to powder, which they mix with milk or knead up with flour, seasoning with butter and salt the paste thus made. But it is not the Arabs themselves only who love this curious manna, for the apes, camels, oxen, and poultry all do equal honor to it. The camels, in particular, devour it greedily. It is dried or cooked for them by being heaped up in a large hole between two layers of burning charcoal.—"*Life in the Desert,*" by Col. L. Du Couret.

RURAL OUT-BUILDINGS—No. 1.



The pleasures and pains of life are made up of small joys and small sorrows, those of every day occurrence, that light up the face with constant smiles, or corrode the heart, like the constant dropping of water upon the stone. Hundreds and thousands of our people are seeking home and home pleasures in the country—in the suburbs of our cities and large villages—and yet many fail to find that which they seek. In place of pleasure they find trouble and vexation. In a few brief hints, from time to time, we will point out some of the causes of disappointment.

It is not a fine or costly house, extensive grounds, or commanding gateways that give an air of taste to a country mansion. We have often seen places where all these things existed, where money was lavished like water, and yet there was an absence of taste in little things that painfully forced the impression upon the beholder that the owner was a man of wealth, fond of display, with some notions of rural life, but without sufficient taste to make or enjoy a home in the country. As a general thing in building and improving an estate, we commence on too large a scale, and either become tired of the trouble or the outlay before the establishment is finished. The consequence is that the work is never completed, or is finished in a careless and cheap manner, that contrasts strangely with that first done.

To appear well, a country home, be it large or small, must be finished. It must have an appearance of completion and repose, and not of unfinished hard work. It must be suggestive of country quiet, and not of city bustle; hence there is nothing more appropriate than a summer-house in a sequestered spot, or a rustic chair under the shade of some spreading tree. No garden of any extent appears well or comfortable without such places for rest and repose. Without them it has a tiresome look, suggestive of aching limbs.

But, it must be remembered that these arbors, &c., must be simple, in keeping with the place, and the objects for which they are designed. No great temple should be made for a summer-house, and unless it is in full view of the house, it should not be of showy carpenter's work, but simple branches from the woods cut in proper shape and nailed. Any ingenious carpenter or gardener can put up an arbor in this style that will cost but little. A very pretty design for a rustic arbor we observed in the *Horticulturist* for October last, which we give our readers. The principal sticks should be selected from three to four inches in diameter, and as nearly straight as possible; these are to be used for posts, plates, girders, and principal rafters. The rest, forming the ornamental work, may be from half an inch to two inches in diameter. The roof is covered with bark.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

A SNOW STORM ON MOUNT ROSA.

In the "*Glaciers of the Alps,*" a volume recently sent out by John Tyndall, F. R. S., we have the following description of a Snow Storm upon Mount Rosa, at an elevation of more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea:

"The fall of snow was, in fact, a shower of frozen flowers. All of them were six-leaved; some of the leaves threw out lateral ribs like ferns, some were rounded, others arrowy and serrated, some were close, others reticulated, but there was no deviation from the six-leaved type. Nature seemed determined to make us some compensation for the loss of all prospect, and thus showered down upon us those lovely blossoms of the frost; and had a spirit of the mountain inquired my choice, the view, or the frozen flowers, I should have hesitated before giving up that exquisite vegetation. It was wonderful to think of, as well as beautiful to behold. Let us imagine the eye gifted with microscopic power sufficient to enable it to see the molecules which compose these starry crystals; to observe the solid nucleus formed and floating in the air; to see it drawing towards it its allied atoms, and these arranging themselves as if they moved to music, and ended by rendering that music concrete. Surely such an exhibition of power, such an apparent demonstration of a resident intelligence in what we are accustomed to call 'brute matter,' would appear perfectly miraculous. And yet the reality would, if we could see it, transcend the fancy. If the Houses of Parliament were built up by the forces resident in their own bricks and lithologic blocks, and without the aid of hodman or mason, there would be nothing intrinsically more wonderful in the process than in the molecular architecture which delighted us upon the summit of Mount Rosa.

And thus prodigal nature rained down beauty, and had done so for ages unseen by man. And yet some flatter themselves with the idea that this world was planned with strict reference to human use; that the lilies of the field exist simply to appeal to the sense of the beautiful in man. True, this result is secured, but it is one of a thousand all equally important in the eyes of nature. Whence those frozen blossoms? Why for Aeons wasted? The question reminds one of the poet's answer, when asked whence was the Rhodora:

'Why wert thou there, O rival of the rose?
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same power that brought me there, brought you.'"

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THE HUMAN BODY.

That all the organs were designed to discharge peculiar functions, no one can doubt. If there be design in a watch, there is design in the construction of an eye; and if there is design in the construction of an eye, there is design in the construction of every organ in the human body.

Galen, that wonderful man, whose opinions influenced the medical world for thirteen hundred years with unbounded sway, was converted from atheism by the dissection of a human body. Nor shall we deem such an event singular, if we consider, for a moment, how wisely and wonderfully it is made.

Look at the elements wrought into this animal economy; at its structure and functions. What variety of parts! How unlike! How singular its structure! How diverse its functions! Here are bones and blood, solids and fluids; here the opaque muscle, and the transparent humour; the brilliant, adorning, vegetating hair; the keenly sensitive nerve; the more than curious digestive apparatus; the breathing lungs and beating heart. How various the organs designed for multifarious uses! In health they discharge all their functions well.

Here are gathered into one frame, "compacted by that which every joint supplieth," harmonized, and stowed side by side, the most different, conflicting elements—oil and water, acid and alkali, solid and fluid, vegetable and animal, iron and oxygen. In this organism, all these, and more, not only tolerate each other, but harmonize and co-operate together for the general good. Each is indispensable to its fellow, and one cannot say to the other, "*I* have no need of thee." Such are the elements, not heterogeneously commingled, but wisely arranged in this body.—*How to Enjoy Life.*

◆

There is a better principle than that the majority shall rule—it is that justice shall rule.

Drinking Impure Water.—Set a pitcher of iced water in a room, inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed from the room nearly all the respired and perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that the water has the faculty of condensing, and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The older the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperatures a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice. Hence water, kept in the room awhile, is always unfit for use, and should be often renewed, whether it has become warm or not. And for the same reason, the water in a pump stock should all be pumped out in the morning before any is used. That which has stood in the pitcher over night is not fit for coffee-water in the morning. Impure water is more injurious to the health than impure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh, pure water, for all domestic uses.

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Lying in Bed.—It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with head exalted or level with the body, was the most wholesome. Most, consulting their own case on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels in which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus, and avoid danger.—*Medical Journal.*

The Young Ruralist.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE OLD NUMBER FOUR PLOW.

BY J. R. RAMSAY.

Last time I returned to "my father's plantation,"
The vale-dimpled landscapes were vividly green;
The breezes were fill'd with the sweet exhalation
Of flowers and songs, and the sky was serene.
My spirit rejoiced in the beauties of summer,
And fancy took flights unattempted before,
But suddenly sank when I saw a new comer
Had taken the place of the "old number four."

My joy was dispell'd by the shadows of sorrow,
As all the reverses arose to my view
Since I steer'd the old plow, with its share like an arrow,
Its iron-bound beam and its handles of blue.
How oft in the fields, when the crimson of morning
Made golden the mists on night's shadowy shore,
As the wood robin welcomed the daylight returning,
I turned the brown furrows with "old number four."

And all the day blest with the thrilling reflection
That soon as the eventide slowly drew near,
I would clasp to my breast, with a gush of affection,
My golden-haired Mary, the tenderly dear,
And wander with her, in my rapture a sharer,
'Neath a roseate sky round earth's flowery floor,
Till earth seem'd to fade and the heavens come nearer
The field that was furrowed by "old number four."

Perhaps, after all, 'tis this rose of our spirits,
Plucked out from life's wormwood, yet gathered in vain,
That gives the old plow such a "halo of merits,"
Being mingled with joys that return not again.
But my heart fondly turns from life's wearisome changes,
And beats for the beauty that blest it before;
And loves to contemplate wherever it ranges
The rapture connected with "old number four."

Hamilton, C. W., 1861.

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PUNCH ON LABORER'S DWELLINGS.

The *London Punch* is doing a very good work in exposing many evils in England, some of which may be unknown, and the enormity of others overlooked because so common. The majority of English farm laborers live in cottages on the farms where they are employed. For the use of these they pay a certain rent, or as is generally the case, they receive certain wages with the use of the cottage. Many of these dwellings are unfit for the habitation of human beings, and great efforts have been made by the benevolent for their improvement, and not without some success. Prince Albert has been very active in this movement. Punch, it seems, was invited by a landlord to visit his fine stables, and also took occasion at the same time to get a peep into the cottages of the laborers, and publishes some fine engravings, showing what he saw, and giving the points in the conversation between himself and the "British Landlord."

In the first wood-cut we have "the British Landlord" introducing Mr. Punch into his stable, where a warmly clothed and nicely groomed horse is subjected to inspection. "Landlord (*log.*)—' Yes, Mr. Punch. Nice, clean, airy boxes, plenty of light, perfect drainage and ventilation; the best of food and water, and kind treatment. *That's my plan!*'" On the opposite page, "the British Landlord" and Mr. Punch have entered one of the landlord's laborer's cottages. In a miserable truckle bed lies a sickly wife and infant; and on the edge of the bed sits a poor, half-starved specimen of the laborer, trying to warm his hands over a scanty fire. A rope is stretched from the fire-place across the room, on which hangs some ragged bits of clothing, fresh from the wash-tub; and in different corners, children and a grown-up man are huddled on shake-downs; whilst a scantily clothed young woman stands close to the door, which she has opened to admit Mr. Punch and the "British Landlord." The latter looks rather glum upon it; whilst Mr. Punch, tapping him on the arm with one hand, and pointing to the miserable occupants of the hovel with the other, says—"Your stable arrangements are excellent! Suppose you try something of the sort here! Eh?"

Punch has also got up a curious petition for the signature of laborers.

"The Peasant's Petition.

The Petition of the British Peasant to the British Landlord, Humbly Complaining showeth unto your Honor,

That your petitioner having ventured upon the liberty (for which he hopes to be pardoned) of having peeped into the stables of your honor (but he solemnly declares, with no evil intentions, and he would not take an oat without leave,) has perceived that if thought, sense, and kindness were ever manifested towards animals, it is to your honor's stables aforesaid.

That the residence in which your honor humanely places your horses is well built, water-tight, and well ventilated, is excellently floored, and has an excellent supply of water, that its drainage is perfect, and its light cheerful, and that the creature that cannot live contentedly therein must be a beast.

That the arrangements for the health and comfort of your honor's horses seem to your petitioner perfect, and designed to make the animals happy when at home, and fit when they come out to perform any amount of work which your honor may call on them to do.

That (contrary to the arrangements in your petitioner's dwelling, begging pardon for mentioning such a place,) separate places are provided for your honor's horses, so that they sleep apart, and are in no way detrimental to one another.

That your petitioner, knowing the kindness of your honor's nature, as shown by this provision, and by hundreds of other acts of your honor's, not to speak of your honor's lady, and the young ladies, (all of whom he humbly wishes a happy new year, if he may be so bold,) takes the liberty to believe that your honor cannot know that your petitioner's cottage, on your honor's estate, is badly built, is not drained, has no ventilation, has a rotten floor, and is so cold that in the winter the only way your petitioner and his family can keep bodies and souls together is by huddling together, adults, children, grown-up lads and girls, all together in one wretched bed room, out of which they come half poisoned by the foul air, not to offend your honor's delicacy by saying anything more than that they are good for far less work than could otherwise be got out of them.

Your petitioner, therefore, for himself, his wife, four grown-up children, and five little ones,

Humbly prayeth unto your honor,

That you will be Graciously Pleased to Treat Him Like a Horse.

And your petitioner will ever pray and work, &c., &c.

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PET SHEEP.

I am fond of pets, and like to have a number of them about my yards and barn. It is pleasant to be recognized with affection by the animals around us. They thrive better under kind treatment than when subject to kicks and cuffs. There is a choice in animals to make *agreeable* pets. Some persons prefer dogs, and many of them have the faculty of becoming very agreeable. But there is always a fearful drawback to the pleasure derived from dogs in that dreadful malady, hydrophobia. But give me a lamb for a pet, the emblem of innocence while young, and useful when too old for a plaything. I have two pet sheep which I will describe, hoping thereby to encourage some of your young readers to choose their pets of this useful class of animals. Their names are Tidy and Bokin. They are a cross between the Cotswold and Leicester, and will be four years old next May. They know their names as well as the boys, and are prompt to answer when called. They lead as well as a horse, and are useful in taking the flock from field to field. They are well cared for, have a stable, stalls, halters, &c., and are frequently invited into the house to see company, and are much admired for their stately bearing and dignified manners. They are somewhat aristocratic in their feelings, and do not like to associate with common sheep. Tidy is very tall, being three inches taller than Mr. Rarey's famous Shetland pony, girts four feet, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. Bokin is more portly—girts five feet five inches, and weighs two hundred and forty pounds. So much for pets.

East Bloomfield, Jan. 21st, 1861. Myron Adams.

◆

Tattlers.—Don't you feel a little ashamed, you mean, sneaking creature, whoever you are, going around and telling what you hear people say,—meddling with everybody's business, and making mischief generally. Do you want to know my opinion of you. I think you don't deserve a place upon the earth, for there is no spot bad enough for you. I don't despise a right down mean person half so much as I do these contemptible, mean decent folks; for the reason that I always know just what to expect of the former, while of the latter I am only looking for decent actions and then, in the end, get so terribly took in. Yes, I should think you respectable tattlers would want to put your heads in a knot hole, every one of you.—Psi.

◆

Difference.—A very little thing makes all the difference. You stand in the engine room of a steamer; you admit the steam to the cylinders, and the paddles turn ahead; a touch of a lever, you admit the self-same steam to the self-same cylinders, and the paddles turn astern. It is so, oftentimes, in the moral world. The turning of a straw decides whether the engines shall work forward or backward.

◆

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because, if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as, by degrees, will break out upon those who are your friends, or to those who are indifferent to you.—*Plutarch.*

◆

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Timby's Patent Barometer—John M Merrick & Co.
Tree Seeds, &c—Schroeder & Co
Roe's Western Reserve Premium Cheese Vat—Roe & Blair
A Superior Farm for Sale—H. C. Wood.
Something New—J Whitley, Jr
Double Zinnia Seeds for Sale—Jas. Vick.
Country Agents Wanted—Hankins & Co.
Nursery to Let for a Term of Years
Apple Seeds for Sale—J Rapalje
Family Newspaper—Hankins & Co.
Book Agents—J Whitley, Jr
Women of New York—Hankins & Co.
Stencil Tools—D L. Milliken.
Employment—J Whitley, Jr
Something New—A. R. Fay.
Agents Wanted—J Whitley, Jr
Pleuro-Pneumonia in Cattle—Geo. J Scattergood.
Italian Bees—S. B. Parsons.
Hand-made Stencil Tools—J E. Bryan.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
Brown's Troches for Bronchial Complaints, &c.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Affairs at Washington.

It appears from official sources that representations concerning the troubles of foreign vessels in Charleston Harbor have been made to the Government by British, Spanish and Bremen Ministers. Secretary Black's reply is to the effect that the President would deeply regret that any injury should happen to the commerce of foreign or friendly nations, and especially that British subjects at Charleston should suffer by the anomalous state of things existing there. Mr. Black quotes from law to show that the jurisdiction of the Federal Government to collect duties on imports is exclusive. Whether the existing state of things at Charleston will or will not be regarded as sufficient reason for not executing the penalties incurred by British subjects, is a question Lord Lyons will see no necessity for bringing up until it practically arises. Each case will doubtless have its own peculiarities. Mr. Black regrets that this consideration compels him to decline giving any assurance on the point presented.

Secretary Dix has instructed the commanders of Revenue Cutters, if attacked, to make the best defence in their power, and if assailed by superior force, to run the vessels ashore and blow them up. He has written to the Collector of New Orleans to apply to the Governor of Louisiana to revoke the seizure of the Government hospital, and ordering that 260 patients be removed. Mr. Dix denounced it as an act of outrageous barbarism, disgraceful to any age or country.

Acting P. M. General King, has received complaints from Northern gentlemen that letters from the South had been violated. One writes that six letters addressed to him by a lady in Mobile, and not on political subjects, have evidently been opened by unauthorized parties. The Department has promptly instituted an investigation.

The Grand Jury have found three cases against Bailey for larceny. One joint indictment against Bailey and Russell. Three indictments against Russell for receiving stolen bonds. One joint indictment against Bailey, Russell and Floyd, for conspiracy to defraud the Government.

More care is now taken than heretofore by both the Navy and War Departments, to prevent their secret or private orders from obtaining premature publicity, which has on several occasions frustrated the designs of the administration to the public detriment.

Applications continue to be received here from Post Masters in the seceding States, for supplies of postage stamps, blanks, wrapping paper, &c., but these are furnished on the condition that the Post Masters will acknowledge and conform to the laws affecting the postal service.

A special Washington dispatch of the 31st ult., states that Col. Hayne, of South Carolina, has presented South Carolina's ultimatum regarding the occupation of Fort Sumter to the President. South Carolina proposes to pay full value for all the Federal property within her jurisdiction if the President will cause Fort Sumter to be evacuated and the troops withdrawn.

The boundary dispute which has existed for so many years between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and which was amicably submitted to the Supreme Court for decision, has been prospectively settled by an interlocutory order to that effect. The papers are to be filed in August next, and the decree to be given at the next session of the Court.

The Commissioners from New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia and Indiana, arrived on the 3d inst.

An official copy of the Louisiana ordinance of secession has been received, and the delegation from that State in Congress, with the exception of Mr. Bouligny, will probably withdraw. He is the only one from the seceding States who has taken part in the proceedings since the seceding ordinances have been passed.

Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, is to be before the Select Committee as a witness concerning the alleged conspiracy to seize Washington.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The Pacific Railroad bill was taken up. Mr. Chandler moved to amend so as to give six sections of land per mile instead of one. Adopted.

Mr. Clark moved to amend that the grant of lands and bonds is to be made on the express condition that Congress shall hereafter have power to amend the provisions of the act, but not to diminish the specified amount of contribution. Adopted.

Mr. Wilkinson moved an amendment the effect of which is to provide for the Northern route. He said he did not see the propriety of voting $36,000,000 to a State just in the act of secession, and not giving a Road to States true and loyal to the Constitution. He characterized the bill from the House as a bill of abominations. After discussion the amendment was agreed to. Ayes, 22; nays, 19.

The bill, thus amended, was then taken up and passed by a vote of 37 to 14.

The Agricultural Report from the Patent Office was received and referred to the Committee on Printing.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patents was received and ordered printed.

The Diplomatic Appropriation bill somewhat amended, was passed.

The Executive Judicial Appropriation bill was amended and passed.

The bill to erect the territory of Jefferson was considered and amended, changing the name to Idaho.

Mr. Trumbull called up the resolution offered yesterday for the appointment of a Joint Committee to provide a mode for counting the votes for President and Vice President, and notifying the President elected, which was passed.

Several amendments from the Committee on Indian affairs were adopted, and the bill postponed till Monday. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia to inquire into the expediency of retroceding to Maryland a portion of the District, not necessary to the wants of the Federal Government.

On motion of Mr. Aldrich, the Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to consider the expediency of repealing the tariff on sugar.

The Speaker presented the President's message:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

I deem it my duty to transmit to Congress a series of Resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Virginia on the 19th instant, having in view the peaceful settlement of the existing questions which now threaten the Union.

They were delivered to me on Thursday, the 24th inst., by Ex President Tyler, who has left his dignified and honored retirement in the hope that he may render service to his country in this her hour of peril.

These Resolutions, it will be perceived, extend an invitation to all such States, whether slaveholding or non-slaveholding, as are willing to unite with Virginia in an earnest effort to adjust the present unhappy controversies in the spirit in which the Constitution was originally formed, and consistently with its principles, so as to afford to the people of the slaveholding States adequate guarantees for the security of their rights, to appoint Commissioners to meet on the 4th of February next, within the City of Washington. Similar Commissioners have been appointed by Virginia to consider, and if practicable, agree upon some suitable adjustment.

I confess I hail this movement, on the part of Virginia, with great satisfaction. From the past history of this ancient and renowned Commonwealth we have the fullest assurance that what she has undertaken she will accomplish, if it can be done by able, and enlightened, and persevering efforts. It is highly gratifying to know that other patriotic States have appointed and are appointing Commissioners to meet those of Virginia in council. When assembled, they will constitute a body entitled, in an eminent degree, to the confidence of the country. The General Assembly of Virginia have also resolved that Ex President Tyler is hereby appointed by the concurrent vote of each branch of the General Assembly, a Commissioner to the President of the United States, and Judge John Robinson is probably appointed by a like vote a Commissioner to the State of South Carolina and the other States that have seceded, or shall secede, with instructions, respectfully to request the President of the United States and the authorities of such States to agree to abstain pending the proceedings contemplated by the action of the General Assembly, from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms between the States and the Government of the United States.

However strong may be my desire to enter into such agreement, I am convinced that I do not possess the power. Congress, and Congress alone, under the war making power, can exercise the discretion of agreeing to abstain from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms between this and any other Government. It would therefore be a usurpation for the Executive to attempt to restrain their hands by an agreement in regard to matters over which he has no constitutional control. If he were thus to act, they might pass laws which he should be bound to obey, though in conflict with his agreement. Under existing circumstances, my present actual power is confined within very narrow limits. It is my duty at all times to defend and protect the public property within the seceding States so far as may be practicable, and especially to employ Constitutional means to protect the property of the United States, and to preserve the public peace at this seat of Federal Government. If the seceding States abstain from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms, then the dangers so much to be deprecated will no longer exist. Defence, and not aggression, has been the policy of the Administration from the beginning, but while I can enter into no engagement such as that proposed, I cordially commend it to Congress, with much confidence that it will meet their approbation, to abstain from the passage of any law, the enforcement of which will occasion collision of arms, pending the proceedings contemplated by the action of the General Assembly of Virginia. I am one of those who will not despair of the Republic. I yet cherish the belief that the American people will perpetuate the Union of the States on some terms just and honorable for all sections of the country. I trust that the mediation of Virginia may be the destined means under the Providence of God, of accomplishing this inestimable benefit. Glorious as are the memories of her past history, such an achievement, both in relation to her own fame and the welfare of the whole country, would surpass them all.

(Signed,) JAMES BUCHANAN.

Washington, Jan 28, 1861.

Mr. Grow moved a suspension of the rules to take up the Senate's amendment to the Kansas bill, which passed—117 to 42. So the Kansas bill has passed both Houses.

On motion of Mr. Stanton, the House, under suspension of rules, passed a bill more effectually organizing the militia of the District of Columbia—119 against 42.

The Speaker laid before the House a letter written by Mr. Cobb, stating that he had received the certified secession ordinance of Alabama, and therefore he felt it his duty to decline any further participation in the business of the House. He adds, that he need not express his deep regret at the circumstances which render this step necessary on his part. God save the Country. Mr. Cobb made a few affecting remarks on taking leave, imploring his friends to do something with a view of uniting all the States.

A message was received from the President announcing that he had signed the Kansas bill, when Martin N. Conway, of Kansas, took the oath and was admitted to the House.

Mr. Sherman called up the bill authorizing the President, at any time before July first, to borrow on the credit of the United States a sum not exceeding $25,000,000. Certificates to be issued for not less than $1,000, with coupons payable semi-annually with interest, and the faith of the United States pledged for the payment of the interest and principal. Passed 126 to 42.

The Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up, when Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, moved to proceed to the consideration of the Senate's Resolution to count the votes for President and Vice President, and notify the persons chosen of their election. Carried.

Messrs. Washburne, Adrian, Ely, Anderson and Craig were appointed committee for that purpose. Adjourned.

Legislature of New York.

SENATE.—Mr. Spinola moved to take from the table the bill to submit to the people the Crittenden proposition for the settlement of the National crisis, and moved its reference to a Committee of the Whole, on Friday. Lost.

A motion to refer to the Committee of Federal Relations without instructions, passed—15 to 8.

The bill to provide for the redemption of State Stock, issued to the Auburn and Rochester railroad, passed.

Mr. Ketchum called up the concurrent Assembly resolution tendering to the President elect the hospitality of the State, and it was adopted. Yeas, 24—Nays, 1.

Messrs. Hillhouse, J. McLeod, Murphy and Abell were appointed a joint Select Committee on the part of the Senate, on the Virginia resolutions.

The bill making an appropriation for the purchase of Arms for the State was taken up in Committee of the whole, and made the special order for Wednesday.

A majority and minority report of the Committee on the Virginia Resolutions was submitted. The majority report names David Dudley Field, William Curtis Noyes, James S. Wadsworth, James C. Smith, A. B. James, Erastus Corning, Addison Gardiner, Greene C. Bronson and Wm. E. Dodge, as Commissioners to represent this State at Washington, on February 4th. Adjourned.

ASSEMBLY.—Mr. Pierce presented the majority report of the joint committee on the Union resolutions. The committee appointed David Dudley Field, Wm. Curtis Noyes, James S. Wadsworth, Jas. C. Smith, A. B. James, Erastus Corning, Addison Gardiner, Greene C. Bronson, Wm. E. Dodge, Commissioners. The Commissioners are to be subject to the control of the Legislature of the State. The Commissioners express dissent from the proposition of the General Assembly of Virginia, but declares New York, while adhering to the position she has heretofore occupied, will not reject an invitation for a conference that holds out the possibility of an honorable settlement of the national difficulties.

The Annual Appropriation bill for the next fiscal year was reported, and made the special order for February 8th.

The action of the Military Association of the State was transmitted by the Speaker. A series of resolutions were adopted by the Association condemning the action of the seceding States, and professing devotion to the Union, and the readiness of the Association to hold themselves in preparation at all times to aid in enforcing obedience to the Constitution and laws.

The bill relative to the attendance of petit jurors at County Courts and Courts of Sessions was passed. Adjourned.

The Secession Movement.

LOUISIANA.—The State Convention re-assembled in New Orleans at noon, of the 29th ult., when a salute of fifteen guns was fired. At 12½ o'clock, the Convention went into secret session on the question relating to the navigation of the Mississippi river.

There have been no military movements here in relation to affairs in Pensacola. It is expected, from Mr. Mallory's dispatch, that no action will be taken by the Federal Government. The Convention have elected, *viva voce*, John Perkins, A. Declouet, D. F. Kenner, C. M. Conrad, E. Sparrow, and H. Marshall delegates to the Montgomery Convention, after a highly exciting debate. Slidell and Benjamin were defeated. The Revenue Cutter Cass and her officers have surrendered to Louisiana.

The telegraph this (Monday) morning announces that the New Orleans Mint was taken possession of by the Secessionists, on the 1st inst. Secretary Dix made a draft upon the Assistant Treasurer at New Orleans for the coin and bullion in the Branch Mint, about $350,000, and that worthy refuses to pay over. On the receipt of this refusal, the President called an extraordinary meeting of the Cabinet, and the whole subject was considered. It is understood that Senators Benjamin and Slidell were sent for to know if they were aware of this transaction. The Government telegraphed the Collector and Treasurer for the facts connected with this seizure.

TEXAS.—Dates from Austin, Texas, to the 20th ult., are received. The Texas Legislature had assembled, and Gov. Houston had sent in his message. He favors the call of a State Convention. Both Houses had voted to repeal the Kansas resolution, passed by the Legislature in 1858. The House took up and passed the Senate bill, directing the Comptroller to proceed to Washington and recover $180,000 due the State. A resolution had unanimously passed the House, declaring that the Federal Government has no power to coerce a Sovereign State after pronouncing her separation from the Union. The Senate will pass the same resolution by a similar vote. The resolution declaring secession, was tabled twice. The military committee have prepared a bill to arm the State. It was rumored that a body of men were on their way to seize the arsenal at San Antonio. Gen. Twiggs has called in the troops to protect it. The Knights of the Golden Circle have offered him their services. Gen. Twiggs denies the report of his resignation, but has informed the President that he will not use his sword against his countrymen, and when Texas demands the arsenal, he will surrender it to her.

VIRGINIA.—The Senate adopted resolutions looking to increase taxation to meet appropriations.

The Governor communicated resolutions from Gov. Hicks, announcing the readiness of Maryland to respond to the appointment of Commissioners.

Gov. Hicks concludes by rejoicing that Virginia has taken this step, and trusts it will be met by a corresponding spirit in other States.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Convention bill has passed both houses. It is to be submitted to the people.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Col. Hayne's communication to the President was completed and delivered at a late hour on the 2d inst. In it a demand is made for the surrender of Fort Sumter.

First—On the grounds of the right of eminent domain and sovereignty; and secondly, on the ground of the right of the sovereign State to condemn to public use any property necessary for its own protection and dependence, by paying therefore a fair compensation.

The document assumes the complete independence of South Carolina, and this assumption carries with it the first supposition. Under the second head he argues that the position of the Administration is absurd if the fort be regarded as property only, and the purpose be to protect it. He considers the various usages in protecting property, and shows that a collision would not afford protection, whether the fort be taken or not, the property would be injured. This injury, he says, can be avoided, and every dollar secured, as South Carolina pledges herself to pay its full value.

He proceeds to consider the question of the refusal to settle the question as one of property,—as one of dollars and cents,—the Government basing its whole action on the idea of protecting property. Colonel Hayne contends that the question should be considered as one involving property alone. As such it could easily be arranged. He says further, that he is instructed to assure the President that any attempt to reinforce, would be considered a declaration of war. The Cabinet is in session on the communication. The anticipation is that the President will only reply to Col. Hayne that he will send a communication to Congress, and that he will reply to the reasoning in a special message. This course deprives Col. H. of a rejoinder. Col. Hayne thinks there will be no attack on Fort Sumter until after the organization of the Southern Republic, unless an attempt be made to re-inforce.

KENTUCKY.—The Kentucky Senate passed by a vote of 25 to 13 Mr. Fiske's resolution appealing to the South to stop the progress of revolution, protesting against Federal coercion, and resolving that when the Legislature adjourn on the 6th of February, it be to the 24th of April, to hear the responses of our sister States to our application to Congress to call a National Convention.

Political Intelligence.

THE Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania have adopted a call for a Convention on the 21st inst.

THE Republican Joint Legislative Caucus to nominate a U. S. Senator, met in Albany on the 2d inst. Ansel Bingham, of Rensselaer, presided. The Clerks of the Senate and Assembly, and Mr. C. S. Underwood, Journal Clerk of the Assembly, acted as Secretaries. All the Republican Senators and Assemblymen were present, except L'Amoreux, who was absent from sickness. The rules of the Assembly were adopted to govern the Caucus, and the floor was cleared of all but members and privileged persons. Senators Sessions and Mr. Farnam acted as Tellers. Ten ballots were taken when Ira Harris was nominated.

E. R. BARNALL, Douglas Democrat, was elected Speaker of the California Assembly on the 17th ult.

THE Democratic Convention assembled on the 31st ult., at Albany, and Peter Cagger called the Convention to order, on the part of the State Committee. Ex-Lieut. Gov. Church was nominated temporary chairman.

The following committee were appointed on permanent organization: Chancellor Walworth, Saratoga; J. B. Skinner, Wyoming; Bullard Johnson, Oswego; Dennis McCarthy, Onondaga; Edmund Driggs, Kings.

Also the following committee on credentials: T. H. Houghtailing, Cayuga; R. H. Cushing, Montgomery; C. W. Armstrong, Albany; Eli Cook, Erie; Jas. R. Flanders, Franklin.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the judgment of the Convention, in view of the present public exigency and peculiar nature and objects of this body, it is expedient to admit to seats all alternates who may have been sent here without entering into, or determining any questions of regularity, or organization, or prejudicing thereby the decisions of any previous Democratic Conventions, as to questions of organization.

After an adjournment, Hon. R. H. Walworth reported the following permanent officers of the Convention:

President—Amasa J. Parker, Albany.

Vice Presidents.—1st Dist.—Charles O'Connor, James Wadsworth, Gilbert Deane, A. Belmont. 2d Dist.—J. H. Brown, Gouv. Kemble, S. J. Wilkin, Geo. Thompson. 3d Dist.—Erastus Corning, Jas. S. Thayer, S. Sherwood Day, C. L. Kerstead. 4th Dist.—A. C. Paige, Bishop Perkins, Wm. Coleman, John D. Willard. 5th Dist.—Horatio Seymour, S. L. Edwards, W. C. Crain, G. W. Bond. 6th Dist.—Hiram Gray, Henry Stevens, Charles Stebbins, John H. Prentiss. 7th Dist.—Peter Yawger, Charles H. Carroll, Jacob Gould, John Magee. 8th Dist.—H. S. Redfield, Fred. Martin, Geo. Palmer, Thomas A. Osborne.

Secretaries.—1st Dist.—S. J. Tilden, N. Taylor. 2d Dist.—E. O. Perrin, J. W. Eisaffer. 3d Dist.—J. A. Griswold, C. W. Armstrong. 4th Dist.—H. R. Wing, F. Spraker. 5th Dist.—L. B. Sylvester, J. A. Clerk. 6th Dist.—A. White, Ira Crane. 7th Dist.—Geo. Hastings, E. M. Anderson. 8th Dist.—L. Jones Peck, C. F. Bissell.

On motion a committee on resolutions was appointed as follows:

1st Dist.—S. J. Tilden, Judge Dean. 2d Dist.—W. H. Ludlow, Wm. Kelly. 3d Dist.—A. C. Niven, J. D. Willard. 4th Dist.—John Cramer, A. C. Hand. 5th Dist.—H. Seymour, A. Loomis. 6th Dist.—H. Ballard, C. Stebbins. 7th Dist.—Isaac Butts, Geo. Hastings. 8th Dist.—G. W. Clinton, J. A. Verplanck.

Mr. Ludlow, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported a unanimous series of resolutions. The First declares that the crisis is of such a nature as should raise patriotic citizens above considerations of party, and impel them to make sacrifices to avert the calamities that threaten us. The Second sets forth the Compromises that have been made by the nation in quarrels with Foreign Governments, and declares it monstrous to refuse to settle such controversies with our people by Compromise. The Third favors the adoption of a policy satisfactory to the Border States. The Fourth favors the appointment of a Committee of five to memorialize the Legislature urging them to submit the Crittenden Compromise to a vote of the Electors of the State at the earliest practicable day. The Fifth urges Congress to provide at an early day for Constitutional amendments, or failing action by Congress, urges the Legislature of the State to take initiatory steps for summoning a general Convention to propose amendments to the United States Constitution. The Sixth favors the response of the Virginia Resolutions for a meeting of Commissioners. The Seventh names Millard Fillmore, Addison Gardiner, Greene C. Bronson, Erastus Corning, Horatio Seymour, Washington Hunt, Amasa J. Parker, Chas. O'Connor, Samuel J. Tilden as Commissioners. The Eighth says that the worst and most ineffective argument that can be addressed to seceding States is civil war. The Ninth exhorts seceding States to stay the sword, and non-seceding Southern States to join hands in staying the progress of dissolution.

The resolutions were adopted without amendment.

Mr. Cook, of New York, moved that the thanks of the Convention be extended to Simon Cameron, Senator from Pa., for the noble stand he had taken for the Union. Adopted.

Chancellor Walworth moved the adoption of a similar resolution for Mr. Crittenden. Adopted.

On motion of S. J. Tilden, a committee was appointed to correspond with Democrats of other States on the subject of a general Convention, to amend the Constitution of the United States. The following is the committee:—Wm. Kelly, Wm. Cassidy, J. B. Plumb, Lyman Tremain, Edward Cooper.

Judge Hart moved that in default of National and State Legislatures to adopt the measures suggested by the resolutions of this Convention, this body may again assemble at the call of the President. Adopted.

The following were appointed to present resolutions of this Convention, to Congress and the State Legislature: Horatio Seymour, Ex-Chancellor Walworth, Gen. Ledyard, Bishop Perkins and H. D. Barto.

To memorialize the State Legislature: Judge Willard, Judge Paige, J. H. Prentice, Darius A. Ogden, Geo. B. Guinnips.

A vote of thanks was passed unanimously to Judge Parker and other officers of the Convention, and after a brief return of thanks from Judge P., the Convention adjourned *sine die*, but subject to the call of the President.

* * *

HIGH TREASON.—Judge Smalley delivered an important charge to the Grand Jury in the United States Circuit Court, on the law of high treason. He told them that the seizure of United States property, and firing on the United States flag by persons owing allegiance to the United States, constituted high treason by levying war; that no State could absolve citizens from their allegiance to the General Government; and that neither South Carolina nor any other State could legally protect citizens of other States in waging war against their Government. He laid down the legal definition of treason, and declared it to be the duty of all good citizens to do everything in their power to suppress rebellion, expose treason, and bring traitors to justice.

* * *

DEATH OF EX-GOV. ROB'T LETCHER, OF KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Journal announces the death of Ex-Governor Robert Letcher. His history and character are well known to Kentuckians. He had filled many honorable positions in public life, commencing his political career as a member of the State Legislature, representing his district through several terms in Congress, occupying the gubernatorial chair, and retiring with the close of his mission to Mexico under Mr. Fillmore.

The News Condenser.

— The Japanese Embassy has got home.

— The Milwaukee Postmaster is a defaulter.

— Lola Montez was 42 years old when she died.

— The swill-milk nuisance continues in New York.

— Applications for patents rejected last year, 3,612.

— Col. Fremont is spoken of as Lincoln's Minister to France.

— The Gulf Squadron has been ordered home from Mexico.

— Mad dogs have made their appearance to Prairie du Chien.

— A lady of Wheeling, Va., has laid in a trance for ten days past.

— The Massachusetts Legislature will repeal the Personal Liberty bill.

— Thirty-five men were killed last year in duels in the United States.

— Bronze coin, to the amount of $200,000, is about to be issued in France.

— Some of the street railroads in England are now importing cars from America.

— The Oswego Starch Company made about 8,600,000 lbs. of starch the past year.

— Fourteen persons are in the Tombs, New York, awaiting trial for capital offences.

— The value of dry goods imported into New York, the past year, is $161,944,000.

— In the city of Canton, China, there are, on an average, 5,000 suicides every year.

— The citizens of Washington have resolved themselves into a special police force.

— Snow fell to the depth of eight feet in the vicinity of Montreal, Wednesday week.

— The Presbyterians of Ireland now have five synods and nearly five hundred churches.

— The receipts of the U. S. Colonization Society last year, from all sources, was $14,363.

— Orange Co. sent to New York and Brooklyn, during 1860, nearly 6,000,000 quarts of milk.

— The Constitutional Government is in full operation in Mexico;—or was a few days ago.

— The Rome (Ga.) Courier says that on Sunday week snow fell to the depth of three inches.

— In 1859, of the 347,525 persons in the United States owning slaves, two only owned 1,000.

— The number of fires in Quebec last year were 83. Property destroyed valued at $90,250.

— An agent of the French Government is bargaining for the purchase of the Great Eastern.

— Dogs killed one hundred and fifty sheep, valued at $1,000, at Chatham, Ill., on Saturday week.

— Coal is $14.50 a ton at Charleston and Savannah, and $17.50 at Mobile and New Orleans.

— Abraham Lincoln has been presented with a $250 gold-headed cane, by a California friend.

— There are 62 weeklies published in San Francisco, whereof 18 are English, 5 French, and 1 Italian.

— There was a heavy fall of snow in Kansas last week, falling to an average depth of two feet.

— The rebellion in New Zealand places the Wesleyan Methodist Missionaries in great danger.

— The population of Montreal, Canada, as indicated by the census now being taken, is about 90,000.

— A cave, 2,000 feet deep, has recently been explored near San Domingo, on the Tehuantepec route.

— Wolves have been very plenty in Outagamie and Calumet counties, Wis., since the winter set in.

— The sales of fruit, last year, from the farm of Mr Briggs, of Marysville, Cal., amounted to $100,000.

— By railroad accidents in 1860, there were killed in the United States 74 persons, and 316 wounded.

— The Minnesota Legislature have changed the name of Toombs county to call it after Maj. Anderson.

— The vast alms house of Philadelphia is overflowing, with hundreds applying at the doors for admission.

— A gentleman, heretofore standing high in St. Louis, has committed forgeries to the amount of $40,000.

— South Carolina owns more slaves, in proportion to her population, than any other State in the South.

— The public school houses in Bangor are furnished with slabs of slate 3 feet by 6, instead of blackboards.

— John Jackson, proprietor of the Sunday Transcript, published at Philadelphia, died on Tuesday week.

— The Lexington (Va.) Gazette does not believe that there are 250 secessionists in the county of Rockbridge.

— The Collector at Mobile has refused to honor Federal drafts, under orders from the Governor of Alabama.

— The English newspapers teem with melancholy narratives of death among the poor, from exposure to the cold.

— The prices of wheat, flour, beef, pork, and most Oregon products, are now lower than was ever before known.

— A merchant in New York refused to sell fifty tons of lead when he learned that it was destined for Georgia.

— The present annual production of tobacco has been estimated by an English writer at 4,000,000,000 pounds.

— Through the influence of the Emperor and Empress, shops are now shut in Paris on Sunday, to a great extent.

— The Kingdom of Prussia, according to the last statistical tables, contained 4,178 physicians and 1,526 chemists' shops.

— Orders have just been issued for the enrollment of all persons subject to military duty in the District of Columbia.

— The glass manufacture of the country is now a million less than three years ago, and the importation much greater.

— A company of agriculturists from Tennessee are negotiating for lands along the line of the Illinois Central Railroad.

— There are 14 tanneries in Santa Cruz Co., Cal., employing 60 men, and producing 40,000 side of leather per annum.

— Timothy O Howe, the Republican caucus nominee, has been elected United States Senator by the Wisconsin Legislature.

— Bears are forsaking the mountains in Yolo Co., Cal., in great numbers, and committing great ravages in the settlements.

— It is stated that the latest "fashion" announced from Europe is that of dressing very plainly when going to church.

— Mr. Douglas received in Michigan just one vote more than he did in Wisconsin, thus. Michigan, 65,052; Wisconsin, 65,051.

— It is estimated that there are 30,000 Americans in Europe, and that they spend among them a sum of $160,000,000 per annum.

— Both Mississippi and Louisiana have declared their purpose not to blockade the Mississippi river against "friendly States."

— There is a girl of 21 in the prison at Georgetown, Va., who has become hopelessly insane from inordinate use of tobacco.

— J. M. S. Causin, formerly member of Congress from the Baltimore District, Md., died of apoplexy at Cairo, on the 31st ult.

— A shock of an earthquake, and snow six inches deep, visited Knoxville, Tenn., on the 18th ult., for the first time in 20 years.

— A scientific expedition is about leaving France to explore Southern Siberia, and particularly that portion contiguous to the Amoor.

— American sewing machines, in richly ornamented cases, were among the most fashionable of the New Year's gifts in Paris this season.

— Several ladies regularly attend the medical lectures of professors of the University of St. Petersburg, and take notes, like students.

— A regiment of volunteers has been formed in the Southern part of Indiana to aid the people of Kentucky, in case of insurrection among the slaves.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The Queen's Bench have applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*, in the case of Anderson, the fugitive slave imprisoned at Toronto. The motion was founded on the affidavit of the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. The Court, after consultation, granted the writ. Chief Justice Cockburn admitted that in doing so it might be regarded as incompatible with Colonial independence, but still the Queen's Bench had jurisdiction, Anderson being regarded as a British subject.

It is stated that several rifled cannon have been shipped from Liverpool to Charleston.

The weather again is quite severe throughout England.

Florence Nightingale is quite ill.

The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £400,000.

France.—The Paris Moniteur explains the reason of the French fleet being stationed at Gaeta. It says, the dispatch of a fleet to Gaeta was intended as a mark of sympathy for a Prince cruelly treated, but its stay could not be indefinitely prolonged without its presence constituting an encouragement and material support to Francis II., and the fleet would accordingly be withdrawn.

Warlike preparations are very active in France. It is said a levy of 150,000 men will be asked from the Legislature.

It is rumored that a semi-official article is about to appear, declaring that if Piedmont makes war against Austria, she must expect no aid from France.

The drain of gold from the Bank of France continues. An arrangement has been made with the Imperial Bank at St. Petersburg, similar to that with the Bank of England, for the exchange of 30,000,000f. silver for gold.

The French army is to be increased by seventeen regiments of Infantry.

The French Legislature is summoned for February 4th.

Persigny has indorsed free circulation of all foreign journals throughout the French Empire.

Prussia.—The Prussian Chambers were opened by a speech from the King. He said friendly relations between the great powers were being strengthened by recent meetings. He said it was a national duty to bring a solution and banish difficulty. He reiterates his intention to remain faithful to the principles he had already announced. A political amnesty has been proclaimed by Prussia.

Austria.—It is stated that a treaty between Prussia and Austria guarantees the possession of Venice to Austria.

It is asserted that King Francis wrote to the Emperor of Austria, declaring his intention to defend Gaeta to the utmost.

Italy.—The Opinione of Turin, Count Cavour's journal, has a leader that shows the battalions of Austria cannot be put to flight by a few hands of volunteers, nor can her fortresses be taken except by immense military effort.

It is reported that Gen. Turr consented to act as mediator between Cavour and Garibaldi, with a view to persuade the latter to postpone the threatened attack on Venice in the spring.

The Prince Carignan arrived at Naples, and was warmly received. Victor Emanuel has issued a proclamation calling on the people to show toward Carignan that they desire a unity with Italy.

All is quiet at Gaeta, but it [illegible] reported that a fire [illegible] that the Sardinians would attack by sea without [illegible]ay.

It was reported that Garibaldi announced his intention to go to Constantinople shortly.

The tendency to war in the spring is reported as slackening in Italy.

Hungary.—Gen. Klapka was preparing for a rising in Hungary.

Turkey.—The trials of the Beyrout assassins had been concluded. The Druse prisoners had been sentenced to death, and the Turkish to exile.

Commercial Intelligence—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co report flour slow, and 6d cheaper. Quotations 29s@31s6d. Wheat in limited demand, at about former rates. Red western 11s 4d@12s 4d, red southern at 12s 4d@13s, white western at 13s@13s 3d; southern at 13s 6d@14s 6d. Corn—rather more demand at 38s@38s 6d for mixed and yellow; white slow at 40s. Wakefield, Nash & Co say that holders of flour insisted on full rates, and they call common 6d dearer. Provisions quiet and unchanged. Lard dull.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The passport system between France and England, so far as the subjects of the two nations are concerned, was totally abrogated on New Year's day, by order of the Emperor.

A tree near Williams College, Mass., is so situated that it draws nourishment from New York, Massachusetts and Vermont. It stands on the spot where those three States meet.

The monarch tree of the Sierra Nevada, known as the "Miner's Cabin," was blown down by the hurricane of the 14th ult. It was thirty feet in diameter, and supposed to be 3,000 years old.

The Galena Advertiser says there were 18,553,511 pounds of lead shipped from the mines of that locality the past year, which, at the average price of 5½ cents per pound, was sold for $1,023,443 10.

The Emperor Napoleon creates a great sensation driving on the Bois de Boulogne in his favorite phaeton, drawn by Vermont trotting horses. The horses attract about as much attention as the driver.

Prof. Haddock, aged 65 years, died at his residence in West Lebanon, Mass., on the 17th ult. He was an eminent scholar, long a tutor at Dartmouth, and, under Pierce, Chargé to Portugal. He was a cousin of Daniel Webster.

The aggregate value of the real property insured against fire in the city of London, amounts to a sum not less than $200,000,000,000, and this large sum is probably not less than fifty per cent. of the total sum held in the city by the London offices.

Japanese Tommy, who, though least in the Embassy was first in the affections (especially of the ladies) of the American people, is the son of an interpreter, lives on mice, and receives a nett revenue of two dollars and eighty-seven cents per month.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph says:—"A lady been in the habit of picking her teeth with pins. A trifling humor was the consequence, which terminated in a cancer. The brass and quicksilver used in making these pins will account for this circumstance. Pins are always pernicious to the teeth, and should never be used for toothpicks."

A high price was recently paid for an American book in London, at the sale of the stock of Mr. Joseph Sams. The volume in question was a little pamphlet of ten or twelve leaves, published in 1638, and entitled "Newes from America." It brought £13 5s. Mr. Sams bought it for five shillings, from a person who purchased it for a sixpence. It was certainly a capital investment for both.

The Publisher to the Public.

GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD!

Agents Friends, Subscribers, and all other persons who wish to Do Good, and have no objection to receiving Good Pay therefor, are invited to give the following Premium List a careful examination, and decide whether the inducements are not sufficient to secure prompt and energetic action. It will be seen that the premiums are very liberal—*the best yet offered*—and so arranged that every person who remits for Two or more Subscribers, will secure a *Valuable Prize!* Read the list.

GRAND SPECIFIC PRIZES.

PREMIUMS FOR EACH AND ALL—NO BLANKS!

In order to give every Club Agent or Active Friend of the *Rural* a Benefit, we have concluded to offer the following Liberal Specific Premiums to *every person* who forms a Club for the New Volume!

WE WILL GIVE

1. **Webster's Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary** (cash price $6,00,) and an extra copy of the *Rural* to *every* person remitting $40 for Forty Yearly Subscribers to the *Rural New-Yorker*, (at least twenty of which must be new Subscribers, or persons who have not taken the paper regularly for 1860,) previous to the 1st of April, 1861. The same (Dictionary and free copy,) to every person remitting $37,50 for Thirty *New* Subscribers, as above.

2. **Lossing's Illustrated History of the United States** (Imperial 8vo, with 300 Illustrations,—price, $3,50,) and an extra copy of the *Rural* free, to every person remitting $37,50, as above, for *thirty* copies, at least *twenty* of which must be for new subscribers.

3. **Macaulay's History of England,** (Harper's Edition, in 4 volumes, 12mo., bound in leather—cash price, $3,) and an extra paper free, to every person remitting $30, as above, for *Twenty-Four* copies, at least *twenty* of which must be for new subscribers.

4. **Macaulay's England,** (same edition as above, in cloth binding—price, $2,50,) and an extra paper free, to every person remitting $25 for *twenty new* subscribers, as above. Macaulay's England (as above,) to every person remitting $25 for Twenty subscribers, old or new.

5. **Macaulay's England,** (in cloth, as above,) to every person remitting $21 for Fifteen copies, at least *ten* of which must be for *new* subscribers.

6. **Webster's Counting House and Family Dictionary** (Mason and Brothers Edition, bound in leather, cash price, $1,50) *post paid*, and a free copy of the *Rural*, to every person remitting $18 for Twelve copies, at least *eight* being for new subscribers.

7. **Webster's C. H. & Family Dictionary,** post-paid, and a free copy of *Rural*, to every person remitting $15 for Ten *new* subscribers, or

8. **Everybody's Lawyer** (bound in law style, price $1,25,) *post-paid*, [or, any $1,25 or $1 work, mentioned herein, post-paid, and a free copy of *Rural* to every person remitting $15 for Ten subscribers, whether old or new.

9. **Webster's C. H. & F. Dictionary,** post-paid, and a free copy of *Rural*, to every person remitting $10 for six *new* subscribers.

10. **The Horse and his Diseases** (Illustrated, bound in leather, price $1,25,) *post-paid*, and a free copy of *Rural*, to every one remitting $10 for Six subscribers, whether old or new.

11. **Lossing's Pictorial United States** (12mo, with 200 Illustrations, price $1,) *post-paid*, to every person remitting $5 for Five subscribers, three being new—or $5 for Three subscribers, two being new.

12. **Cole's Fruit Book** (price 50 cents,) *post paid*—or, if preferred, THE SKILLFUL HOUSEWIFE, (same price,) *post-paid*—to every person remitting $4 for two subscribers, one being new.

[Persons entitled to any of the above books, and preferring other works of equal value, mentioned herein, can be accommodated on stating their wishes. For instance, any one entitled to "Everybody's Lawyer," can have "The Horse and His Diseases" or "Lossing's Pictorial," and *vice versa*. Any one entitled to Macaulay's History can have instead, and post-paid, either two of the dollar or ten shilling books, and any one entitled to Lossing's Illustrated History, can have instead, and post-paid, *two* copies of the Counting House and Family Dictionary, &c. The Pictorial Dictionary, Lossing's Illustrated History, and Macaulay's History are too heavy to send by mail—but all the other works will be sent *post-paid* to any part of the United States within 3,000 miles.]

☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

STILL BETTER!

Extra Gifts for Clubs before April!

Having resolved to "keep the ball moving" until April—in order to attain a largely increased circulation—we have concluded to give such liberal rewards for efforts as will pay any and every one for time and trouble devoted to the formation of clubs. We therefore make the following offers IN ADDITION *to the premiums above enumerated*:

1. To every person procuring and remitting for Forty Yearly Subscribers, (half of the number being new subscribers,) to the Rural New Yorker, between the 9th of February and 1st of April, we will give, (*in addition to the Dictionary and free copy above offered,*) LOSSING'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES,—a large and beautiful Octavo Volume of 672 pages, splendidly illustrated, and printed in the best style on extra paper—cash price, $3,50. The same work to every person remitting, according to our terms, for Thirty *New* Subscribers within the same period. [If preferred to Lossing's History, we will give MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, in four volumes, bound in leather, (price, $3,) or a bound volume of the Rural New-Yorker for 1858, '59, or '60, as preferred, (price, $3.)

2. To every person remitting as above, for Twenty *New* Subscribers, we will give as an extra premium, a copy of WEBSTER'S C. H. & FAMILY DICTIONARY, post paid—the most complete and valuable work of its price published—or any $1,25 book, post-paid, above mentioned.

3. To every person remitting for Fifteen subscribers, as above, at least ten being *new*, or for Twelve of which eight are new, or for Ten new subscribers, (see No.'s 5, 6, and 7 above,) we will give, or send post-paid, a copy of EVERYBODY'S LAWYER, or any other $1,25 or $1 book, above named.

4. To every person remitting for Ten Subscribers, whether old or new, or for Six new subscribers as above, we will give, or send post-paid, a copy of LOSSING'S PICTORIAL UNITED STATES.—12mo., 200 engravings, price, $1.

☞ There, Friends and Strangers, is just what we offer and propose to perform! You can afford to make a little extra effort, we reckon, to secure such liberal and valuable prizes. In fact, we shouldn't be surprised if you should trust some of your neighbors and acquaintances a few weeks, (such as you know will pay,) and advance the money, in order to make a "sure thing." You can decide.

TERMS OF THE RURAL—IN ADVANCE.

Two Dollars a Year. *Three Copies, one year, $5; Six Copies, and one free to Club Agent, $10; Ten, and one free, $15; Fifteen, and one free, $21; Twenty, and one free, $25; and any greater number at the same rate—only $1,25 per copy! Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired. As we pay American postage on copies mailed to foreign countries, $1,37 is the lowest Club rate for Canada, and $2,25 to Europe.*

☞ *Bills on all solvent Banks in U. S. and Canada taken at par, but Agents will please remit New York, Canada, or New England money when convenient. All subscription money remitted by Draft on either New York, Boston, Albany or Rochester, (less exchange,) may be sent at the risk of the Publisher, if made payable to his order.*

☞ Back Numbers from January 5th are still furnished to new subscribers, so that all who send soon may secure the complete volume.

Please write all addresses plainly and carefully, in order that they may be accurately entered upon our books and correctly printed by our Mailing Machine. All subscriptions should be well inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Single Additions to Clubs.—A Western Agent, in remitting for one addition to his club says—"If sending single subscriptions don't suit, let me know." Well, Sir, it *does suit*, exactly. You, or any other friend after forming a club for this volume, are at liberty, and requested, to make additions any time within the year at club rate—by ones, twos, threes, or any number. So, being right, go-ahead, good friends; the more additions the merrier—and you will observe by a notice elsewhere that we offer *Extra Premiums* for additions, or new clubs, between this date and April 1st.

☞ Look Sharp, Friends!—If those ordering the Rural would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, we should receive less scolding about *other people's errors*. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the Rural Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge us with their sins of omission, etc.

Special Notices.

BRONCHITIS.

Bronchitis.—A Chronic Inflammation of the small Mucus Glands connected with the Membranes which line the Throat and Windpipe; the approach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—an increase of Mucus, and a sense of wearisomeness and loss of power in the Throat, after public speaking or singing. It arises from cold, or any unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms are allayed by using Brown's Bronchial Troches, which, if neglected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, Feb. 5, 1861.

Flour—There is but little doing in Flour, and such sales as are affected are at the rates of last week.

Grain.—The only change we have been able to note is in wheat, the inferior grades of which are advancing. The range is $1,10@1,30,—a start of 4 cents per bushel on the minimum figures.

Provisions—The Pork season is pretty much over, but little is doing, and prices are unchanged. Butter has declined 1 cent per pound. Eggs have fallen off 2 cents per dozen.

Sheep Pelts are advancing slightly, choice having put on 12½ cents each, during the week.

Seeds.—There is as yet but little demand for seeds, and the market has lost any firmness which may have characterized it one week since, and we note something of a decline in both Clover and Timothy. The range for Timothy is quite large as there is a vast difference in the samples presented, and these are selling at all prices from $1,88 to $2,00. A tip-top article will readily command one maximum figures.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour and Grain		Eggs, dozen	15@16
Flour, winter wheat,	$5,25@6,75	Honey, box	12@14
Flour, spring do,	5,00@5,00	Candles, box	12@13
Flour, buckwheat,	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	00@14
Meal, Indian	@1,12½	**Fruit and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee,	1,10@1,30	Apples, bushel	20@25c
Best white Canada,	0,00@1,35	Apples, dried	4½@5
Corn, old,	00@56c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	00@10
Corn, new,	00@46	Cherries, dried,	00@12
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	00@50	Plums, dried,	00@10
Oats, by weight,	25@26	Potatoes,	25@40
Barley,	45@50	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat,	35@40	Slaughter,	4 @ 4½
Beans,	62½@75	Calf,	8 @ 8
Meats		Sheep Pelts,	50@138c
Pork, Mess	$16,50@00,00	Lamb Pelts,	50@88
Pork, clear,	18,00@19,00	**Seeds.**	
Pork, cwt	5,50@7,50	Clover, bushel	$4,00@4,50
Beef, cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy,	2,00@2,25
Spring lambs, each,	1,50@2,00	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5	Wood, hard,	$3,00@5,00
Hams, smoked	10@10	Wood, soft	3,00@3,00
Shoulders,	7@7½	Coal, Lehigh	7,00@7,00
Chickens,	7@8	Coal, Scranton	5,75@6,00
Turkeys	9@10	Coal, Pittston	5,75@6,00
Geese,	40@50	Coal, Shamokin	5,75@6,00
Ducks ₩ pair	38@44	Coal, Char.	10@12½
Dairy, &c		Salt, bbl	1,75@1,78
Butter, roll	13@15	Hay, tun	10,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	13@14	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese,	10@11½	Wool, ₩ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	10@10	Whitefish, bbl	9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	0@6	Codfish, ₩ quintal	4,75@5,25
Tallow, tried	8 @ 8½	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4—Flour—Market somewhat irregular. Extra State is firm, with an active demand, while nearly all other kinds are dull, with a tendency to favor purchaser. Sales at $5,15@5,25 for super State; $5,30@5,40 for extra do, $5,15@5,25 for super Western, $5,30@5,55 for common to medium extra do, $5,65@5,75 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing rather quiet. Canadian dull while prices have undergone no important change, sales at $5,35@7,25 for common to choice extra.

Grain—Wheat still continues in favor of purchasers, with a moderate business doing for export, sales choice amber Wisconsin and Iowa at $1 27@1,29 delivered, winter red Western at $1,33@1,34, delivered at the latter price, handsome white California at $1,65, white Western at $1,40@1,50, white Canadian at $1,50, mixed do at $1 31. Rye heavy and lower, sales at 62½@67c. Barley dull at 68@80c. Corn heavy and a shade easier, sales of 67½@68½c for old mixed Western, in store and delivered, 66c for unsound do delivered, 64c for new do at railroad depot, 68@69 for new Southern yellow, 72@77c. for white do. Oats dull and lower; sales at 35@36½c. for Western, Canadian and State.

Provisions—Pork dull and lower, sales at $17,75 for mess, $13,00 for prime. Hogs dull at 7@7½c. for corn fed dressed, 6@6½c for live. Lard heavy and lower, sales at 9½@10½. Butter dull and in fair request at 10@16c. for Ohio; 14@19c. for State. Cheese steady at 9@10½c. for inferior to prime.

Hops—Continue in fair demand for consumption, with an occasional sale for export, and the market is firm, and for the better grades buoyant. The stock, which is not large, is gradually becoming concentrated. The sales aggregate about 350 bales at 15@20c for ordinary new, 20@25c. for good first sort, and 27@32c and even higher for choice quality and fancy lots, which are very scarce. Of old, we notice sales of 300 bales prime for export to the East Indies, at 8c cash.

Seeds—Clover seed is heavy and without sales.

Ashes—Pots are steady, with sales at $5, Pearl have advanced 12½ cents, with sales at $5,25.

ALBANY, Feb. 4—Flour and Meal.—The market for flour presents no new feature, the demand is moderate and prices are steady. Buckwheat Flour and Corn Meal are quiet.

Grain—The supply of Wheat is small, and buyers and sellers are apart in their views. Corn steady with a moderate business doing, sales round yellow at 56c. for new and 64c. for old. Barley unchanged in value, with a limited inquiry, sales two-rowed State at 65c. Oats quiet and steady, sales State at 32½c.—*Jour.*

BUFFALO, Feb. 4—Flour.—The demand for flour continues moderate, and we have no change to note in quotations, sales at $4 50@5,00 for extra Wisconsin, $4,12½@5,37½ for extra Ohio and Indiana, $5,00@6,00 for double extras.

Grain—Wheat quiet, sales Milwaukee club of $1,01. Corn steady, sales old was made on Saturday afternoon at 60c., new still held at 45c. Oats and Barley steady, but nothing doing to offer.

Dressed Hogs firm at 6½@6¾c for Canadian.—*Com. Adv.*

TORONTO, Feb. 1—Flour—There has been but little doing in flour during the week, principally from the absence of large stocks and the firm views of buyers. There is a good demand for the lower grades, but at prices too low to effect sales, and business has therefore been restricted. Superfine is held at $5 per barrel, sales have been made $4,90@4,95. Fancy is nominally quoted at $5,10@5,25, Extra, $5,37½@5,50, Double Extra, $5,75@6,25 per barrel.

Grain—The price of fall wheat, in view of largely increased deliveries, has been well sustained, and although outside figures are somewhat lower, there is not much difference in the average rate. The sales range from $1,10@1,18, but the prices most frequently paid were $1,15@1,17. The average rate for the past two days would be about $1,16. The market was moderately firm, and towards the close was quite buoyant. There continues to be a good demand for spring wheat, at prices relatively more favorable than the rates current for fall grain. The receipts form about one-third of the entire deliveries, and are in much larger proportion than in former years. The present quotations are for the best grades 98c@1,03, and in one or two instances $1,05 was realized. Barley is only in moderate supply, but is steady at 55@56c ₩ bushel. Rye is scarce and wanted at 60@65c ₩ bushel. Peas are in good request and with more liberal supplies, there has been a good deal of activity in the trade. We quote peas at 50@54c ₩ bushel. Oats continue to offer in only moderate quantities and prices remain firm at 26@27c ₩ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE PORK TRADE.

CHICAGO, Jan 31—The hog market has continued excited, and with large receipts has been subject to daily fluctuations, closing however moderately firm, at $5,75@6,25 gross for live, and $6 12½@6,40 net for dressed. The receipts for the week and for the corresponding period the past two years sum up as follows, viz.—In 1859, dressed 2,057, live 1,539; in 1860, dressed 1,008, live 3,616, and in 1861, dressed 18,464, live 10,293. The packing for the three different seasons to this time is as follows—In 1859, 185,000, in 1860, 167,918, and in 1861, 201,000. The large receipts of hogs do not seem to frighten operators, as a healthy demand exists for all provision products.—*Times.*

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1—The receipts of hogs during the week were 10,772 head. Another week will probably close the season essentially, though packing will be continued on a small scale as long as prices keep up and the weather favors. The market is firm at $6,40 for light, to $6,70 for heavy.—*Gazette.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan 30.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality,	$8,50@9,00
Ordinary quality,	7,50@8,25
Common quality,	6,50@7,25
Inferior quality,	5,50@6,25
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality,	$55,00@60,00
Ordinary quality,	40,00@50,00
Common quality,	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality,	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ₩ lb	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality,	5½@6 c
Common quality,	4 @5 c
Inferior quality,	3½@4 c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality,	$6,25@7,00
Ordinary quality,	4,00@5,00
Common quality,	3,00@3,75
Inferior quality,	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality,	6 @6¼c
Other qualities,	5½@5¾c

ALBANY, Feb. 4—Beeves—There is no new feature to note. The supply is in excess of the demand and although some buyers think they are paying a shade higher, we cannot say that prices are better. There are a number of buyers here from New York, but as was the case last week, nearly all prefer to take droves on commission, instead of on speculation. The Eastern men are buying sparingly, and as a general thing inquire for the best. The average quality is fair.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year
Cattle,	2,384	3,350	2,720
Sheep,	1,640	5,632	3,896
Hogs,			364

Sales—The sales made thus far do not warrant us in making any material change in our quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium,	4¾@5 c	4¾@5 c
Extra	4¼@4½c	4¼@4½c
First quality,	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Second quality,	@3 c	@3 c
Third quality,	@2½c	@2½c

Sheep—Supply comparatively light, but demand by no means active, and prices not improved. Sales of 1,000 head during the week at 4@5c ₩ lb. 172 State of very nice quality at $4,55 ₩ head, average 90 lbs.

Hogs—Dull and lower. Two or three lots, average 240 and 250 lbs, sold at 5½c. Heavy selling slowly at 5¾c, and now and then a select lot at 5⅞c.

Dressed Hogs—Receipts since Friday 783 head. Sales 209 Michigan, aver 260 lbs. at $6,90, this morning, 86 State at $7 for 260 lbs. aver, and $7,10 for 326 lbs.—*Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, Jan 31—At market—1000 Beef Cattle, 950 Stores, 1,800 Sheep and Lambs, and 200 Swine.

Beef Cattle—Prices, extra, $7,00@0,00, 1st quality, $6,50@7,75, 2d do, $0,00@0,00; 3d do, $0,00@5,00.

Working Oxen—None.

Milch Cows—$35@41; common, $19@20.

Veal Calves—$3,00@4,00.

Stores—Yearlings, $0@0, two-years old, $12@14, three years old, $14@16.

Hides—6½@7c ₩ lb, (none but slaughtered at market.)

Calf Skins—10@11c ₩ lb.

Tallow—6½@7c. ₩ lb.

Pelts—$1,00@1,75 each.

Sheep and Lambs—$1,25@1,75; extra, $2,00@3,45½.

Swine—Store, wholesale, 0@0c, retail, 0@0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—The market continues quiet, but holders are firm in their views, and the few small sales made are at good fair prices. In domestic fleece we hear sales of about 15,000 lbs, mainly medium, and quarter grades at 30@44c. California and pulled wools have been quiet. In foreign there is little doing, but prices are steady. We have only to notice sales of 301 bales Donskoi reported on private terms, but supposed to be at 20c.

American Saxony Fleece, ₩ lb,	47@55
American full-blood Merino,	43@46
American half-blood and three-fourths Merino,	38@43
American Native and one-fourth Merino,	33@38
Extra Pulled,	33@37
Superfine, Pulled,	30@33
No. 1, Pulled,	23@25
Lamb's, Pulled,	28@30
California, extra,	00@00
California, fine, unwashed,	12@35
California, common do,	12@19
Peruvian, washed,	25@30
Valparaiso, unwashed,	—@—
South American Mes., unwashed,	10@23
South American Merino, unwashed,	23@25
South American, common washed,	13@18
South American Entre Rios, do,	13@18
South American, unwashed,	8@10
South American Cordova, washed,	19@23
Cape Good Hope unwashed,	25@30
East India, washed,	10@30
African, unwashed,	0@00
African, washed,	00@00
Smyrna, unwashed,	10@15
Smyrna, washed,	23@25
Mexican unwashed,	00@00

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

BOSTON, Jan 31.—In fleece and pulled wool there is nothing new to notice, and in foreign no movement of any importance.

Saxony and Merino, fine,	48@55	Western mixed,	25@30
Full blood,	45@47	Smyrna, washed,	16@25
½ and ¾ blood,	38@43	Do. unwashed,	9@17
Common,	30@33	Syrian,	10@23
Pulled, extra,	40@48	Cape,	19@30
Do Superfine,	35@40	Crimea,	9@17
Do No 1,	26@33	Buenos Ayres,	9@45
Do No 2,	16@25	Peruvian, washed,	26@30

Died.

In New York city, on Jan. 29th, after a long and painful illness, MARIA KETCHAM, aged 53 years, wife of the Rev. Alfred Ketcham, of Sidney Plains, N. Y.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—Thirty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. Special Notices, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

⁂ In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the Rural to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

SOMETHING NEW, that will pay. Sample free.—Agents Wanted. [575-2t] A. R. FAY, Jersey City, N. J.

EMPLOYMENT.—"Why stand ye all the day idle?" I will give you work. J. WHITLEY, Jr., Publisher, Davis' Block, Geneva, N. Y. 578-2t

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Madison, Lake Co., Ohio, Jan. 31, 1861. 578-tf

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NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—Annual Meeting, *Wednesday, February* 13th, at the Capitol, Albany—*Wednesday Evening*, Lecture on Insects by Dr. Fitch, and Address by J. Stanton Gould. Exhibition Agricultural and Dairy Products and Fruits, on Thursday. *Thursday Evening*, Address by President. Agricultural Discussions on Thursday in the Lecture Room. Propositions from places desiring the next Annual Exhibition, are desired to be sent to the Secretary previous to Annual Meeting with assurances if located as desired, the usual provisions as to erections and expenses will be provided. By order Ex. Com.
Albany, Jan. 25, 1861. B. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

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Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, & BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices. We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
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TEETH FOR THE MILLION—Something New. Office, No. 7 Mansion House Block, 55 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. [526-tf] E. F. WILSON.

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IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
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Prices from $30 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 5 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

BY HENRY GOSFORD.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
Where we were schoolboys in old time,
When manhood was a dream.
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away—
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been plowed up by stranger hands
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grape vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill;
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still!
The birds sing yet among the boughs,
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as in old time,
That same half panel in the path,
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how o'er the bars of life
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FRED CARLTON'S VALENTINE:
OR, LOVE VERSUS SKATES.

BY JESSIE CARVER.

Fred Carlton was just twenty-one,—intelligent, good looking, and accomplished. His father occupied the honorable position of village lawyer in one of our western cities, and Fred, his only son, had ever been indulged in every wish or fancy. He had just returned from B—— College, where he had graduated with the highest honors, and was now at home, waiting, like Micawber, for "something to turn up,"—meanwhile, *unlike* that worthy individual, luxuriating in all the comforts of a happy home, gay society, and a freedom from care and restraint unknown to him since his boyish days.

Reader, you must not suppose our Fred a hero without blemish. Far from it,—generous, frank, impulsive, he was an agreeable companion, and sympathising friend; but, alas, vanity entered largely into his composition. Nor is it to be wondered,—but enough of this anon. Upon his arrival home he was, of course, (as one is in every small place,) lionized to death. No tea party, sleigh ride, or even sewing circle was complete without Fred's presence, and a bevy of bright-eyed lassies were ever ready with smile and response to his greeting,—almost transported upon being the object of his gallantries to singing school or sociable. After a while this homage became irksome, and our hero was fast tending toward "ennui," when a letter came to Squire Carlton announcing the speedy return of Dr. Means, an old friend, and resident of Rockville, who had been in Europe for the past three years, for the purpose of educating and restoring to health his daughter Bessie. This letter stated that the family would sail from Havre on the 23d of December, and as it was now the second week in January, they might be expected every day.

Fred was greatly interested in these tidings, and daily passed the Dr.'s residence, which was undergoing a process of cleaning and furnishing. He remembered Bessie Means as the favorite playmate of his childhood,—a light, laughing gipsey. Together they played "house" under the great oak tree, its acorns serving for cups, and its leaves forming material for crowns innumerable, with which to deck the infant queen. Together they had waded through the intricacies of the alphabet, multiplication table, and in after days that bugbear, "Colburn's Mental Arithmetic." After Fred entered his *teens*, and was old enough to go to boarding school, he acquired the usual boyish contempt of *girls* and primary schools, so that, save a few weeks' visit at home during vacation, he had seen little of his young playmate.

But now he found his old interest awakening, and he looked forward to the arrival of the wanderers with pleasure. A few days after, as Squire Carlton's family were seated around the supper table, a message arrived saying that Dr. and Mrs. Means and Bessie were safe at home at last, and would be happy to see Mr. C. as soon as convenient. Of course this announcement produced great joy. The meal was quickly finished, and Squire Carlton asked his wife if she would like to walk over to Dr. Means with him to welcome them home again. She answered in the affirmative, and as they were starting out, Fred jumped up declaring he would not stay at home alone, and must go too. When they reached the house and, after a warm greeting from the Dr. and his wife, were introduced to a graceful dark-eyed maiden, Fred could not realize that *this* was little Bessie. She wore the jauntiest little crimson jacket trimmed with ermine, the soft fur contrasting so richly with her warm, clear skin. Her hair, arranged in the French style,—which was exceedingly becoming to her,—revealed a low, broad forehead, set off by a pair of the blackest arched eye-brows. As she glanced at Fred, he felt a wee bit of concern as to the impression she might form of him; and as she coolly answered his questions relative to her journey and return, he wondered if she had got a new heart as well as new ideas in the old world. The evening glided swiftly by, and our friends, alarmed at the lateness of the hour, and reproaching themselves for detaining the wearied travelers from rest, hastened homeward filled with pleasure at their evening's entertainment.

Days and even weeks passed swiftly by, and the friendship of childhood seemed revived. Fred was seen going to the Dr.'s morning, noon, and night,—sometimes to get a recipe for his mother from Mrs. Means, or a prescription from the Dr. or some such errand, always *happening* to step into the parlor to speak to Miss Bessie, and *sometimes* staying the remainder of the day. Bessie,—little minx,—was well enough pleased to chat with him. She would play and sing little French songs for him, and he could hold worsteds, sharpen her pencils, and make himself generally useful. If she wanted to go to visit at any distance, Fred's pony and cutter and Fred's self were always at her command, and the arrant little flirt made good use of them.

Fred could not understand her. She was the first young lady he had ever met who dared venture an opinion or sentiment differing from his own. She was saucy enough to combat all his pet theories, and (provokingly enough,) often vanquished him. Nothing seemed to please her better than a hearty quarrel; repartee was her "fort," and though she was always glad to see him, and accompany him upon rides, etc., etc., yet he couldn't, for his life, tell whether she cared one straw more for him than she did for the twenty other young men in Rockville.

One clear, cold winter's night, as they were sitting by the fireside in the Dr.'s parlor, Bessie spoke of the pleasures of skating,—of seeing the women in Holland skate,—and described the great skating park in Boston, where she herself had ventured out on the field of glass on skates. "By the way, Fred," she exclaimed, "we can have a skating ground. Where the meadow overflowed last week, it is all one field of ice, and father says it will stay thus until the freshet in the spring. I brought my skates from Boston, and we will go down in the morning and try the ice." Poor Fred! At this proposal he was quite confounded; for, strange to say, he had *never* learned to skate. Being distant from any lake or river, skating was impracticable, but now to be forced to acknowledge ignorance of so common an art, pride forbade. He therefore told Bessie that he had no skates, but would send to C—— for a pair, and would receive them the following week. She was greatly disappointed at this postponement, but he assured her that it would stay frozen until the time appointed,—inwardly hoping it would not.

That night, when Fred went home, he remembered having an old pair of skates in the garret which had belonged to his Uncle James, the hunter, and he bethought himself to try them in the morning, and thus gain a week's practice in advance of the trial. Congratulating himself upon this piece of *finesse*, he slept soundly, and wakened in the morning at a late hour to breakfast, skating, and Bessie. After partaking of the former, he hunted up the old skates, and leaving the house by the kitchen door, went down in the meadow to look for a chance spot of ice, large enough for his attempted exploit. He found a ditch somewhat overflowed and frozen over, forming a sheet of ice of about twenty square feet in extent. Buckling on the clumsy skates, which were very different from our light modern affairs, he made the first effort,—one step forward,—"Oh!"—*down* he came. Jumping up again, he started once more,—*down* again, flat on his back this time. After many falls and bruises, for he knew little of the science (?) of skating, he was able to maintain an upright position, and amble slowly about his little "park." "What an awkward position," he said to himself, and all day he endeavored to glide about *gracefully*, as Bessie said they did in Boston. He did not go to see Bessie until after supper, and then he was so tired and lame that he knew he was dull enough company for her. However he consoled himself with the reflection that all this labor was for her. She sang for him her sweetest songs, was more bewitching than ever, and he went home internally vowing he would skate all the days of his life, provided *she would skate with him*.

Fred prided himself upon his originality, and the next morning, as he was starting for his "Park," he thought of an old fashioned mirror he had seen in the garret, and that it would be a *grand idea* to carry that down to the ice and place it so that he could see himself as he practiced, and learn to preserve a graceful attitude, by studying its reflection. No sooner thought of than adopted, and our hero was speedily on his way toward the meadow—the huge mirror on one arm and the aforesaid skates on the other. Chloe, the cook, looked rather amazed at seeing him emerge from the house with these articles, but Fred, intent upon victory, little heeded surrounding objects. He soon reached the ice, and resting the looking-glass against an old stump, where he could view himself, he adjusted the skates, and sallied forth for the first attempt. He skated directly in front of the mirror a short time, and then boldly dashed forth on to the center of the pond, when 'creak,' '*crash*,' and down went poor Fred into the mud and water to his chin! Was it imagination, or did he hear sounds of Bessie's stifled laughter? It must have been Bessie! How to get out he did not know, unless by wading through the thick mud and breaking the ice for several feet. Exclamations not particularly grammatical fell from our Romeo's lips, and the poor skates rest in the ditch to this day, I fear. Once extricated from this "Slough of Despond," he seized the mirror and hastened homeward, chilled and crestfallen. Fortunately the kitchen is vacant, and he meets no curious gaze. A change of dress and glass of cider somewhat soothed our friend's irritated feelings, and he spent the remainder of the forenoon in reading.

After dinner his mother asked him to carry a basket for her over to Mrs. Means, and have it filled with slippery elm for the 'Squire's cold. Fred, of course, dutifully accedes to this request, and soon is at the Doctor's door. As Bessie meets him, he marks a curious, comical smile she wears, and notices that she can hardly keep from laughing. She sees that he looks thoughtful, and tries to be more sedate. As conversation led from one topic to another, Mrs. Means said, "Why, children, Friday is the 14th of February,—Valentine's day."

"I had almost forgotten it, replied Bessie," and then an animated discussion took place as to the propriety, good taste, and abuse of Valentines.

"Any way, *I* shall always send them to whom I choose, and whatever kind I choose," said the pert little maiden.

"Even at the risk of wounding or offending?" asked Fred.

A roguish smile was his only answer, and the subject was dropped. Afterwards, when his thoughts reverted to this conversation, he wondered that he had been so blind. A merry game of back-gammon finished the evening, and as Fred started for home, the rain-drops fell upon his cheek, bringing joy to the heart, for he knew the warm south wind that brought the rain would soon melt away the obnoxious "skating grounds" and he would be free from that horrible engagement. The proverbial January thaw had been delayed, and now came in February,—better late than never, and never more welcome.

Fred procured a dainty little trifle of a Valentine,—a confusion of lace paper, satin and cupids. On the inside he wrote a few lines,—the beauty of which consisted in their emanating *from* the writer's heart instead of brain,—not particularly original in construction, as "love" rhymed to "dove," and "bliss" with "kiss." Enclosing this in a huge envelope, he directed and mailed it himself, waiting at the Post-Office to see the doctor take it from the box, glance at the superscription over his spectacles, deposit it in his pocket, and walk slowly homeward. In vain Fred watched for his expected Valentine, but he seemed for once doomed to be neglected. Night-fall came, and yet no token of anything from Bessie, or any other fair maid. As he went to his room to arrange his dress preparatory to making his usual evening call, he spied a little frame hanging beside the mirror, and upon examining it found it contained a pencil drawing; the subject, or outline, he could not make out in the fading twilight. He quickly procured a light, and to his grief and vexation, found it to be an *exact sketch* of his downfall and ducking upon the ice! The artist had done justice to the scene, and every point was faithfully depicted,—the old stump, supporting the mirror in an erect position, the glare of ice, so deceitfully smooth, but its shining surface just broken, as our unfortunate Fred sinks in its center, his arms aloft in the air, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself. The expression of his face was *too comical*, and spite of his chagrin and vexation, he could not help smiling at the truthfulness of the sketch. Beneath, in a delicate running hand, which he recognized too well, were these familiar lines—

"'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis *folly* to be *wise!*'
Fred's Valentine."

Poor fellow, he stormed about the chamber as only young Romeo's can storm,—vowed vengeance upon the "little hussey,"—and declared he never would notice, no not even speak to her again. Yes, but reader, even in his rage he could not help smiling (secretly, of course,) at her characteristic reproof in thus preparing this gentle reminder; but to think that she, Bessie Means, must have seen him, fretting and fuming in the mud, and that she must know how vain he was; then came self-rebuke, and promises to be wiser in future. His mother coming to call him to supper found him still standing before the aforesaid Valentine, in quite a subdued state. As he looked up she commenced laughing, and asked what interested him. One glance convinced him that she knew all, and his "How *could* she, mother?" called forth another merry laugh. This vexed our hero, and dashing the unfortunate picture against the wall, he followed his mother down to the dining-room.

That evening Fred spent in the library. He determined henceforth to spend his time in cultivating the mind, and, as a preliminary effort, commenced reading "Prescott's Philip the Second." He read two or three pages in the first volume, but the light hurt his eyes, and produced strange optical illusions. The names of all the old Spanish Queens seemed changed to Bessie, and all the other words seemed mounted on skates! Sinking back in his chair, his book gradually closing, he was soon lost in a reverie, and, alas for the romance, the reverie was lost soon in sleep.

"Hurrah! Why, wont you speak to me? Asleep! Ha, ha, ha!" and there, right in front of him, stood that provoking Bessie, her face beaming with fun and good nature, and her eyes dancing with delight. "Why, sir, you prefer staying at home to being beaten at back-gammon. What an intellectual young man,—extravagant, too, to burn such brilliant Kerosene to illumine his dreams!"

To this badinage Fred at first made no reply, but gravely resuming his book, informed Miss Means that he was greatly interested in Prescott's last work, and intended spending nine hours in reading every day."

"Yes," said she, "you must *enjoy* it, as you seem to be reading it *up side down*," and, sure enough, there it was opened in the middle, and reversed.

He could maintain his dignity no longer, and both joined in a hearty laugh; then Bessie, seating herself upon a stool at his feet, said to him, "Now, Fred, if I have offended you, I am sorry; or if you think I did wrong in sending that picture, I regret it; but the day of your mishap I came to your house very soon after you left, and Aunt Chloe told me to go down in the meadow and I would find you there,—skating. I thought of course I might come, and hurried there, just in time to see you"—

"*Don't*, Bessie," pleaded Fred.

I saw at a glance that you was taking *private lessons*, so I hurried back, fearing you would hear me laugh. Now wasn't it comical? I drew that picture, and then I didn't dare show it to you, so I thought it might be *your Valentine*. Now, I am very sorry, and when your dear little missive came to-night, (I know you sent it,) I cried tears of repentance, so I came over with father on his way to meeting, and thought I would ask you to forgive me, and perhaps go home with me!"

Was she forgiven? After a long chat in the library, Fred accompanied her to her door, and as he hastened down the garden walk, a voice came from the porch,—"Good-night, Fred,—don't go skating again!

In one corner of his bureau drawer, carefully enveloped in tissue paper, reposes Fred Carlton's Valentine; and beside it, in many outer coverings, are the old, ugly skates, which took such a memorable part in his first and only lessons in the art of skating. Fred has grown more manly now, and perhaps a trifle more gray,—certainly less vain. He practices law in the City of Nachota, and Dame Rumor says that the new Grecian Villa he has just purchased will soon acknowledge Mrs. Fred Carlton,—formerly Bessie Means,—as its mistress.

Fred often speaks of his skating experience, and declares that his cold bath that day actually cured him of vanity, taught him a lesson, and brought him a wife.

"But, you never learned to skate," chimes in Bessie.

"Nor did you ever send but one Valentine," answers our persevering hero.

"Yes, but that one accomplished much, and may the Patron Saint long be remembered by the young and joyous, now and evermore."

Chicago, Ill., Jan., 1861.

◆

Mother and Child.—The greatest painters who have ever lived have tried to paint the beauty of that simple thing, a mother with her babe—and have failed. One of them, Raphael by name, to whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a measure in which he never gave it, perhaps, to any other man, tried again and again, for years, painting over and over that simple subject—the mother and her babe—and could not satisfy himself. Each of his pictures is most beautiful—each in a different way; and yet none of them is perfect. There is more beauty in that simple every-day sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his colors. And yet it is a sight which we see every day.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

It was the freshest of April mornings, with a soft wind, that had rifled all manner of sweet scents from dimpled hollows, purpled over with young violets, and solitary brooksides, fringed with white anemone stars, and wafted them into the city streets, to revive many a wearied dweller among paving stones. Mrs. Arden, standing at her window, looked down at the few feet of earth that city people dignified with the title of "garden," and felt the sunny spring influences even there.

"What a lovely morning!" said she to herself; "this is the very time to put my dahlias into the ground, and take care of the roses—how fortunate that to-day will be comparatively leisure time to me! Women don't often get released from the domestic treadmill, and what with spring sewing, company and house-cleaning, I have been literally a slave for the last three months. Once out in the open air, among the flower-roots, and I shall feel as though I was entering a new life!"

Ignorant Mrs. Arden! Had she lived to be thirty years old without knowing that a married woman ought not even to breathe, without first asking her husband if it was proper and convenient? Mr. Arden had laid out an entirely different programme for his lady-wife; and in he came, discontentedly eyeing the new overcoat he had been buying.

"Nellie, can't you fix this overcoat somehow? There is something hitchy about the collar—you can tell where the trouble is, you are so smart with your needle!"

Mrs. Arden took it out of his hands, and looked at it despairingly—there was full three hours' work about it.

"And Nellie—if you wouldn't mind altering these shirt-bosoms—they're all in a wrinkle—the pattern was a bad one."

"You insisted on having them made according to the very pattern, entirely against *my* advice."

"Well, I know I did," said Mr. Arden, rather sheepishly; "Martin said it was a good one, but Martin don't know everything."

"I wish you had found that out before the shirts were made," said Mrs. Arden petulantly.

"I say," interposed her spouse, apparently rather desirous of changing the subject, "what are you going to have for dinner?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the vexed reply. "I believe men are always thinking about eating—no sooner is breakfast over than dinner begins to trouble them."

"I wish you would make one of those puddings I like—make it *yourself*, for Susan always mangles it. We haven't had one for a long time now."

"There goes my day of leisure that was to have put my garden in such beautiful order," sighed Mrs. Arden.

"O, pshaw!" said her husband, contemplating his whiskers in the glass, "what do you care about garden-work? A woman ought to find her chief happiness in domestic duties. I don't approve of this everlasting fidgeting about flowers!"

"Harry," said his wife, "*you* would not be at all contented if your office work was so endless that you never got a moment's time to smoke a cigar, or read a book or a newspaper."

"N—no, replied Mr. Arden, hesitatingly, "but then you are not a man."

"No—I know I am not," said Mrs. Arden, quickly, "if I were, my wife should have a little leisure to breathe occasionally."

Mr. Arden went out, shutting the door with some vehemence behind him. "I never did see such a complaining set as women are," was his internal reflection, as he walked rapidly down the street.

Two or three hours' steady work soon disposed of the press of office-business awaiting him, and he threw himself back in a chair to rest and look over his newspaper. But the balmy wind fanned his forehead like narcotic incense, and the sensation of *dolce far niente* was inexpressibly delightful—the closely printed columns became a confused blur, and the first Mr. Arden knew, he was—not exactly asleep, perhaps, but certainly not very wide awake. Something carried him back to the time when Nellie had been a bride—fresh and blooming as a rose. How well he remembered the blue light of her eyes, and the satin brightness of her complexion. She had grown wan and weary-looking since those days. Was it possible that he had been lacking in care and tenderness? It was rather an uneasy twinge of conscience, for he did love her, rattle-brained and thoughtless though he was. He thought of her, sitting alone through the glorious April day, bending over the work he had assigned to her, until the pallor deepened on her cheek, and the eyes grew dim and lustreless—he remembered the many, many days she had spent in the same wearisome occupation. No wonder that the little garden was a sunny spot to her—no wonder that she loved the flowers, whose freshness seemed to revive her whole nature. A man may be very cruel to a woman without even beating her, or denying her the necessities of life. Suppose she should drift away from him, like a delicate leaf upon a swift-running stream! He shuddered at the very idea. She was not strong—the time might come when a narrow grave and white headstone would be all that remained of his little wife. And then—should he not remember all these things.

He started up from the troubled net-work of fancy that had woven itself into a vague dream; the sunshine lay brightly on the floor, and the finger of the office clock pointed to the hour at which he usually went home to dinner. The pudding was made, the coat in prime order, the unsatisfactory shirts ripped apart, and Nellie, though pale and tired looking, came to the door with a smile to greet her husband.

"Why, Harry, what on earth have you got there?" she exclaimed, as Mr. Arden came up the steps, really staggering under the weight of two or three blossoming geraniums and verbenas, which he had brought from down town with incredible difficulty.

"Thought you'd like some flowers for your garden, my dear," exclaimed he; and Nellie straightway gave him a pleased, happy look, which he did not soon forget.

"And now," said he, after dinner, "there isn't much to do at the office to-day, suppose you and I devote the afternoon to garden work. We can make the little place as neat as a pink."

"O, Harry, that would be delightful!" exclaimed she, with brightening eyes; "but those shirts—"

"O, no matter about the shirts! let 'em wait! I want to see your cheeks a little redder, my love!"

Mrs. Arden wondered in her secret heart what had wrought this agreeable change—she didn't know anything about her husband's dream.—*Life Illustrated.*

◆

It has been said that the three sweetest words in the English language are happiness, home and heaven. About these cling the most touching associations, and with them are connected the sublimest aspirations.

Wit and Humor.

ARTEMAS WARD ON SECESSION.

Artemas, the great Showman, gives a rich speech on secession in a late number of *Vanity Fair*. We quote the conclusion—endorsing the writer's views as to how and by whom the "fitin" should be done, and admiring his patriotic stand relative to the stars and stripes:

"I say to the Sooth don't secesh! I say to the gallyint peple of that sunny land, jes lock up a few hundred of them tearin & roarin fellows of yourn in sum strong boxes, and send 'em over to Mexico. And we peple up North here will consine a ekal number of our addle brained rip roorters to the same lokallerty, and thar let 'em fight it out among theirselves. No consekents, not the slitest, which licks. Why shouldn't the peple who got up this fite do the fitin? Get these ornery critters out of the way, & the sensible peple of the North and South can fix the matter up very easy. And when 'tis fixed let both secshuns resolve to mind their own bizness.

"Feller Sitterzens! I am in the Sheer & Yeller leef. I shall peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop heer I shall stay in the union. I know not what the Supervizors of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for 1 I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no sircumstances whatsomever will I secesh. Let every Stait in the union secesh & let Palmetter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baker's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I wont! And next summer when I start out on my campane with my show, wherever I pitch my little tent you shall see floatin prowdly from the center pole thereof the American Flag with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid thar! and the price of admishon will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children harf price."

◆

San Francisco takes the Hat.—The latest invention of the Golden State is a plan to make white dogs useful. Your San Franciscan seizes up his white cur, and with stencil plate and black ink, inscribes his business card upon each side of the wretched pup, and sends him forth, a quadrupedal locomotive advertisement—a doggerotype of the fast people of a fast age. It is reckoned that a lively dog will be worth at least five dollars per day, or equal to a quarter of a column in a newspaper.

Corner for the Young.

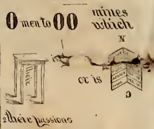
For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1 is an article.
My 2, 6, 7, 8 is a common noun.
My 10, 17, 13, 23 is a personal pronoun.
My 15, 4, 20, 22 is a conjunctive adverb.
My 5, 3, 6 is a common noun.
My 16, 19 22, 26, 13 is an irregular verb.
My 9, 13, 12, 15, 10, 18 is a proper noun.
My 25, 24, 11, 21, 18, 19 is an adverb of time.
My 14, 1, 16, 17, 18, 19 is a verb in the infinitive mood.
My whole is an old saying.
Leicester, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1861. S. E. Cox.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Two ships, the *Brooklyn* and *Star*, are intending to cannonade Fort Moultrie and Fort Johnson, and wish to ascertain if they are near enough to have their guns take effect on the two forts. They know the distance between the forts to be 500 rods. They separate and measure the angles, and find them to be as follows:—At the *Star*, the angle subtended by the two forts was measured, and found to be 41° 20′; and that by Fort Moultrie and the other ship, was found to be 50° 12′; at the *Brooklyn*, the angle subtended by the two forts was measured, and found to be 48° 10′, and that by Fort Johnson and the other ship, was found to be 47° 40′. Required the distance between the two ships; the distances between the ships and the forts. R. D. McCrarrey.

Rochester, N. Y., 1861.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 576.

Answer to Geographical Enigma.—Slander whose edge is sharper than the sword.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—True love.

Answer to Rebus:—When a grate be empty, put coal on. When a grate be full, stop putting coal on.

Answer to Charade.—Eye lash.

Answer to Mathematical Problem.—32 933 + miles.

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